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PEEPS AT
MANY LANDS

THE GORGEOUS EAST

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THE WORLD

BY ASCOTT R. HOPE

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A HINDU MAID.

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PEEPS AT MANY LANDS

THE GORGEOUS EAST

INDIA, BURMA, CEYLON, AND SIAM

BY

FRANK ELIAS

AUTHOR OF "PEEPS AT THE FAR EAST," ETC.

CONTAINING THIRTY-TWO FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOUR

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In writing the following pages I have been indebted particularly to, among other volumes, the "Times Indian Supplement," Datta's "Desire of India," Mr. W. S. Caine's "Picturesque India," works by Mrs. Steele, Miss Carmichael, Mr. Del Mar, Miss G. E. Mitton, Sir Monier Williams, etc.; to Mr. Talbot Kelly's "Burma," to Mr. H. W. Cave's "Golden Tips," as well as, to mention the old authorities, to the curious pages of Father Sangermano, and to Sir John Bowring's "Siam."

F. E.

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INDIA

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A P. & O. STEAMER OUTWARD BOUND.

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THE GORGEOUS EAST

CHAPTER I

OUTWARD FOR BOMBAY

SOMETIMES, as we have stood upon the beach or upon a high cliff and have looked seaward, we have seen, far away upon the sky-line, a great ship, black smoke pouring from her funnels. Perhaps we have been told, by someone happy enough to have a telescope, that the ship is the So-and-So, outward for Bombay. For a few minutes, particularly if we are allowed to use the glass, we watch the great vessel as she sails into the haze and then sinks from sight. Then we turn away and forget. And yet the people who, though we cannot see them, are walking about her decks or resting in her saloons are in a very strange position. For at the moment we watch the ship in which they sail, they are between two methods of life, the one utterly different from the other. Behind them are such people as ourselves, who use every new invention, who are constantly changing their ways of doing things for quicker ways, who are ready to despise the fashions and the thoughts, the likes and dislikes of their grandfathers. Before them is another people whose ways are still the ways of ancient times. Those who govern these people may

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carry to them new inventions and laws, but the people themselves, though they may keep the laws and use the inventions, change not at all.

And so the travellers, whom we cannot see but whom we know are on the ship far over the water, are not only between two countries, they are between two periods, the present and the past. Those on that ship who are making their first visit to India will see strange things and hear strange sounds. But as they get to understand more and more about India, they will find that the strangest of all things in the East is the unaltering mind of the people.

As we begin to think about the wonders which lie before these distant passengers, perhaps we begin to wish that we, too, were aboard. Why should we not be? Thought travels faster than any ship, and with our thought we can overtake her, with our thought we can board her and sail in her. The present writer will do so though he has never been East. His readers can do the same.

With our thought, too, we can quit the ship on the shores of India and begin ourselves a visit to that glowing East which has been called "the brightest Jewel in the British Crown."

We shall have to go humbly. We think we know so much and that we can learn so quickly, and that to study a nation is like studying a book. It is not in that way that we shall learn to know India. For India is a land of mystery, and even if the curtain which hangs over her is lifted only a little, we shall see very much more than we shall ever understand.

Yet the pictures which we shall see here, painted

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perhaps for our elders but now made available for us, will help us to feel something of the beauty and meaning of India.

CHAPTER II

INDIA'S PAST

INDIA is so large that we cannot think of it as one country. Yet in the earliest times the land was inhabited by the people of one race. This race was that of the Aryans. But these people, as they increased, began to travel towards the west and south and to settle in new lands. Some came at last into Europe, and it is said that from these people, who were flourishing in India a thousand years before the coming of Christ to earth, we of this country descended. These Aryans were shepherds with flocks of cattle and goats, and wherever they went they sought for pasture-land. They had many rules for the ordering of their lives, but it was not until some years later that these rules were put into a book. The book was written about 900 B.C., and went by the name of the Book of Manu. Here, for the first time, we find mention of the caste system which divides the various classes of men in India one from the other. Of this system we shall hear a great deal more, for it is the most important thing to remember in connection with the people of India. After this book came another called the Vedas, which tells us a great deal about the Brahmans or highest caste. For thousands of years the learning of

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the Vedas was handed on from father to son by word of mouth, for of course there was no printing. The Veda hymns were taught to each child, and so they lived. The Vedas are still studied by the Hindus. At this time the Hindu religion, of which the Vedas told, was the only religion in India. But later there came a person named Gautema, or the Buddha, who had lived in the ancient city of Benares and studied there as a man. He saw that the Hindu religion was full of terrible superstitions, and that the caste or class system particularly, in spite of some good points, was a cruel one. And so he tried to teach the people a new religion, which is known to-day as Buddhism. He travelled about the country and sent teachers also to Ceylon and Burma. But though he persuaded many Hindus to become Buddhists, and though for a thousand years Buddhism lived in India, his influence in that land slowly grew less, until to-day there are hardly any Buddhists in India. What there are are mostly to be found in the hills near Tibet. Yet there are still signs of the ancient power of Buddhism in ruined temples such as that called the Tope of Sanchi. While the influence of Buddha was falling, the teaching of another man, well known as Mahomet, was quickly growing greater. Mahomet taught among other things that women were not fitted to go out and be free as the men were free, and to his influence the women of India owe the fact that they have no liberty, but must stay indoors in the zenana, as their part of the house is called. Mohammedanism—that is, Mahomet's teaching —ordered its followers to compel others to believe, even if men had to be killed, and so when the Mohammedans

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AN INDIAN WEDDING PARTY.

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came to India they fought fiercely with the Hindus, killed many, and finally made themselves very powerful. Only in recent years we have seen how the Turks, whose Sultan is the head of Mohammedanism, are ready to kill all who will not accept this faith. The influence of Mohammedanism did not die out as that of Buddhism had done, and to-day there are sixty-two million followers of this religion to be found in our Indian Empire. Observers tell us that Mohammedans are not so well educated as their Hindu brothers, and are far less keen business men. They give the impression of having come down in the world. In the centuries that followed Kings rose in India—ruled, lost power, and died. But at last there came a great monarch; his name was Akbar. He was Emperor of the Moguls and had his seat of government in the city of Delhi, then the most important among the many in India. The rulers of Delhi in those days had a very wide influence, and were regarded as being above the princes whose states were scattered around them.

Akbar was only fourteen when he became emperor of the great Moguls. And in the India of those days a monarch did not leave everything to his ministers, but was himself supposed to rule and to make laws. Imagine a fourth-form boy of our own school being suddenly called upon to stand at the head of the affairs of our country! But young as Akbar was he was not afraid of power. He took his place at once as emperor, and began to rule as no Indian monarch had ruled before. He did not say that because a custom had always been followed it must therefore be a good custom. He judged it on its merits, and if he decided that it was a

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bad custom, he ordered that it should no longer be observed. When people who know little about India talk of its ancient customs and teachings as being the best for the people, and say that we should not interfere to try to improve their habits or to give them a better idea of how to live, we have only to remember that the emperor, whom these people call the greatest in Indian history, was himself a man who hated many of the bad customs of his people and who tried to change them. For Akbar forbade the practice of suttee or widow burning, he punished those who killed girl children, and he used all his influence to prevent the marriage of little boys and girls.

Akbar was a great builder. It is true that the loveliest building in India was built by his descendant, Shah Jahan. Yet not much behind the beautiful Taj which Jahan built as a tomb for his wife, are some of the fine houses raised by Akbar at Fatehpur Sikri. One of these is called the Panch Mahal. It is made of pink and yellow sandstone. It is a strange building, and was built so that, as one climbed towards its top, one could feel the winds blow upon one all the time. Great open spaces appear in every part of the walls. We should not complain of wanting ventilation. But more than this, we should notice, if we climbed the Panch, that as we ascended, the carving on the stone, as well as the shape of the stone itself, was always changing. Then as we became interested we should look more closely and discover that, not only was this so, but that no two stones used in the building were alike.

Why was this? What object had that emperor,

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long dead, in building this strange place, always open and with no two stones alike? The explanation is that Akbar had a child, a little boy, and this boy he loved dearly. He thought of everything that he could to make the boy happy, but one day he discovered a new kindness which he could do to his son. In the rainy season the boy could not go out. He had to sit within his father's splendid palace knowing that the rain would not be a single shower such as we await the passing of, but a long and heavy fall. Within the palace halls he might play, but not outside in the fresh air. And so Akbar thought out a plan to make his boy happy. His plan was for the Panch Mahal. So the building rose. And his father explained the design of the hall in this way: His boy was to be sheltered from the storms, but was not to be without fresh air; therefore, though there should be a roof, there should be great open doorways for the wind. And because Akbar believed that the sight of the same design all over the building would make the boy see only one point of view and make him at last so that he would be unsympathetic with those who thought in the smallest degree differently from himself, the Emperor ordered that every stone should be unlike the rest. "As he sees these stones," we may imagine Akbar thinking, "he will see that though each is different, yet each is beautiful, and each helps all the others to be beautiful, and he will then slowly begin to understand that the people who do things in a way other than his may yet be doing beautiful actions for which they should not be punished but rewarded, and so he will become a wise ruler after me." Another wonderful building which Akbar set up

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was the Hall of Argument. In this hall upon a raised platform he used to sit, his Court below him, and above, in four galleries, sat the wise men, the statesmen of the day. There they argued about all matters connected with their land. And Akbar listened. Sometimes, if he was very weary, he would slip away, but generally he stayed as long as they talked, heard all they had to say, and weighed everything in his own mind. He did not talk himself, for that was not his purpose. This Argument Hall, like all the buildings which Akbar built, is of red sandstone.

And as we walk through the city of Fatehpur Sikri, which stands beside India's new capital, and as we come to Delhi itself, it is of Akbar that we think most. He it was who quarried the stone that meets our eye everywhere, who built the city, who gave it its name, and made it the centre of India. Only lately we have seen our own King-Emperor sit where Akbar sat. And it is a sign of our rule in India that the British sovereign has sat upon the throne of that long-dead emperor who to-day is still held to have been the greatest of India's rulers.

Akbar was one of the few monarchs of India who did not build his own tomb. As a rule an Emperor gave a great deal of time and thought to preparing the place where his body should lie after death, and this was so with rulers in all parts of the Near, as well as the Far, East. The Pyramids, for instance, were built by Egyptian Kings for their own use. But Akbar's tomb was built by his son. This tomb is a splendid building of red sandstone. It has gates finely ornamented with precious stones. When we have passed through the

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gateway we find ourselves in a courtyard and about a hundred yards away we see the tomb itself. It is very large and imposing, and has no less than four stories, the upper ones being built of white marble. And under this great pile of stones lies the ruler who filled India with the fame of his name. Yet as we enter and look around we do not see only the place where that powerful ruler lies. The wonder and mystery of India rises up before us, and we feel that within this place we have a remembrance of what that ancient powerful state of Delhi was. But not only because Akbar lies here, for in a corner which we may not notice there once rested the most famous jewel in the world, the jewel with which, as the superstitious people of India believe, the rulership of India is bound up. In a corner of the stonework there once could be seen the famous Kohinoor.

In the same tomb are buried two of Akbar's sons and two of his grandchildren. The top of the tomb is open to the sky. Not that the Emperor who built it meant when he planned the building that it should be so. "I will make it the finest tomb in the world," he thought. "It shall have a roof of marble covered with gold." But when he came to consider the cost he found that he could not afford so great a sum as would be needed.

The life of Akbar covered the period during which Queen Elizabeth was on the throne of England, and he was sixty-three when, in 1605, he died.

Another great Indian monarch was Shah Jahan. Jahan, like Akbar, was a wise man and was in many ways greatly in advance of the rulers of his time.

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Many of these kings were savage and ignorant, but Jahan understood well how to govern his people. He spent much money on building fine palaces, and making good roads, and he framed laws which were wiser than any before made by the kings of Delhi. Of some of his buildings we shall learn later. This king was a Mohammedan, but he treated his Hindu subjects as justly as those who believed in his own religion. Very different was his son Aurungzeb. He dethroned his father and kept him in captivity at Agra. Aurungzeb, who came to the throne in 1658, the year of Cromwell's death, though a man of brain, was cruel and revengeful. He began badly. Fearing that if he let any of his four brothers live one of them might become king some day, he had them all killed. This horrible deed naturally made him feared and hated. In his father's time the people could hope for justice ; now they knew not what treatment they would get. But Aurungzeb was not only cruel, he was also very narrow-minded and ignorant of the art of ruling. He dragged his people through one war after another ; he insulted his Hindu subjects and, whenever he could, showed his contempt for them. He refused to let them hold any office, and when he died he left his people in a state of great misery. The kings who came after him had far less wisdom than Shah Jahan had had, and so slowly the Empire of the Moguls broke up. We must now go back a little in history. In 1600 the price charged for pepper by the Dutch traders in the East was so high that the English merchants decided to deal direct with the Indies, and so the famous East India Company was formed. Queen Elizabeth gave it power to be the

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only English -company trading in Asia, Africa, and America beyond the Cape of Good Hope. In 1613 a permit, or "firman" as it was called, was granted by the emperor to this Company to open a sugar factory at Surat. Here the first English merchants settled. For many years they continued to trade. But the British Power became much greater in 1661 when Portugal gave Bombay to England. In the next year England wished to strengthen her position by building another city, and so arrangements were made to buy a large piece of land from Aurungzeb. Little did that monarch think, as he gave that stretch of country, what would some day rise upon it. To-day that city is known throughout the world as Calcutta—until last December the city of the Viceroy of India. Trade between England and India rapidly increased. Young men who wanted to get rich quickly sailed East and settled down. They had great houses and gardens, and servants beyond numbering. They lived lives of luxury, but many died through their drinking habits. In India to-day, when the Englishman often drinks nothing but tea, he lives far more healthily. But in the old days a man got rich so quickly that he did not need to stay long in the East, and so came home so wealthy that he was able to buy a country estate. And the merchant was forgotten in the country gentleman.

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CHAPTER III

THE NATIVE PRINCES

We have said that we must not think of India as one country. Yet it is very hard to understand that we ought rather to think of her as we think of Europe, as of a continent with many different races, different languages, customs, and ways of thought. India covers an area of two million miles. Its population is about one-fifth of the whole population of the world. There are in India seven hundred different native States. Of these some are more independent than others. Great Britain is really at the head of all these little governments, and in many cases pays the prince, king, or "rajah" a sum of money yearly as compensation for his loss of power. British India is divided into fourteen provinces, many of the names of which are famous for their long and great history. Those provinces are: Madras, Bombay, the United Provinces, the Punjab, the North-West Frontier, the Central Provinces, Assam, Berar, Coorg, Ajmir, British Baluchistan, Andamans, and Bengal, which was lately divided into two parts by Lord Curzon. The natives did not like this dividing of their province at all, and tried to spoil the trade in British goods. Last December, however, when King George went to Delhi, he ordered that the parts of Bengal should be united again. Behar, Chota Nagpur, and Orissa, were at the same time created a new Lieutenant-Governorship.

The provinces of India are divided up into districts. There are no less than two hundred and fifty-eight dis-

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tricts in British India, and each one is controlled by a person called either the "collector," the "district magistrate," or the "assistant commissioner." Our idea of a collector is a man who calls to inquire when we intend to pay our gas or water account, or our rent. But in India the collector is a very great man indeed. In his own district he is the representative of King George, Emperor of India. The collector is the chief magistrate of the district, and is held in great awe by the native people. He may not live in splendid state; he may perhaps be found merely sitting under a tree with a small table before him, and in this humble way administering justice and settling disputes between chattering and quarrelsome Indians, whose mouths seem to pour out words like a flood. And yet he sits there representing the power of the British nation, the justice of the British nation, and often the mercy of the British nation. There is a great deal of vain boasting about "Our Empire" and the "All Red," meaning the "All British," map. And this boasting is a bad thing, for it seems to make out that we have made ourselves great by our own will, and that we can keep our power by our own strength. As Mr. Kipling has told us, we are great only by the favour of God. It is good for us to be humble in our strength. But while we may be humble we may yet be glad that we belong to a nation whose countrymen, lonely, in the midst of danger, in places where the damp heats of the jungle strike down with fever, yet go on their way cheerfully day by day doing justice and loving mercy and maintaining the name of England for fair dealing and honourable conduct.

The native States of India are some of them very old, but the history of most of them does not go

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farther back than a few hundred years. A man born in one of these States is not a subject of England, and yet, if he wants to enter the British Service, he is not kept out as a Frenchman or German would be who was not a British subject. It is hard to understand all at once the exact position in which the people of these States stand to us. We do not interfere with them more than is necessary, though when a ruler oppresses his people we remove him from his throne. Still, as we use this power, we really control the princes, and it is in this way that Great Britain rules the native states with their seventy millions of people. Perhaps it may be thought that these princes and people do not like to feel that we control them in the manner described. The truth is, however, that they are very glad to think that there is over them a power which will deal justly with them and prevent wars between other states and themselves. Some of the old Indian rulers were cruel oppressors, who would make war on the smallest pretence. No state felt safe. But to-day the farmers of India (and seventy in every hundred Indians are engaged in farming of some kind or other) may feel that if they sow their seeds they may later hope to reap, and that, on the other hand, there is no danger that their crops will be burnt by an enemy. We have no reason to be proud of many of the things we did in India in the past, for we ourselves laid waste the country and robbed the old princes. But for many years we have kept India in peace, and peace is one of the greatest of all blessings to a state. And we are rewarded by the devotion of the princes of India. For all these great Indians respect the English King who is their

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AN INDIAN MAHARAJA.

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Emperor, just as in former times the king of Delhi was their emperor. The Rajah of Nabha, for instance, was, says the *Times*, so devoted to the British ruler that when he heard that King Edward could not come to India personally for the Durbar, he was very much grieved. He will now, however, be able to feel that he has done homage to his Emperor. Though these princes are great men in their own states, they came quite willingly to Delhi to bow to the still greater king who rules Great Britain and India, and whose subjects make up a quarter of the population of the whole world. These princes are, some of them, men with famous ancestors. The families of others, however, were unknown until recently. But before Great Britain took over the control of this great continent, the emperor at Delhi appointed men to represent him in different states, and it is the descendants of these men who are now princes. The Nizam of Hyderabad was, for instance, formerly the representative of the Emperor, and Nizam means "viceroy"—that is, a person acting for the king. The Nizam is now the chief native ruler of India, and is a very clever man, who believes in giving his people the wisest kind of government. He rules eleven million people, runs a railway, issues his own coinage, and has his own post-office.

The importance of the Nizam of Hyderabad was seen at the Durbar. Whenever the King-Emperor receives the homage of the princes of India, the Nizam steps forward before all. His capital city, Hyderabad, is situated in beautiful surroundings and has many great gateways. The Nizam's palace is enormous, and the courtyards seem full of life.

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Menservants in their flashing colours, great golden-cloth-covered elephants, beautiful carriages, fill the wide yards. But though the sight is worth seeing, the most interesting part of the Nizam's country is not the capital but the old ruined city of Golconda. In ancient times there were reports of the wonderful diamonds of Golconda, and the very name took on a great repute. People at the very sound of the word imagined themselves rich, and with pockets full of flashing jewels.

Golconda is now a mere ruin. Hundreds of years have now passed since men thronged its busy streets, since its bazaars echoed with the cries of eager merchants, since golden cloths and purple garments gave colour to the tiny stalls. That city is dead. Only the tombs of some of the ancient kings remain. And these are but signs of death.

While we are useful to the Indian princes in keeping them in peace and quietness, they are useful to us. Without their help we could not easily persuade the millions of people who dwell in these states to obey our laws, but by the help of these princes we are able to influence their subjects and to keep the country from wars and riots.

There is one state in India which may seem to us to be rather wonderful. We still hear something about the hard lot of women in India. Yet this State, which is called Bhopal, is ruled, not by a Prince, but by a Princess. She is called the Nawab Sultan Jahan Begum, and her state, which we shall find on the map in Central India, is one of the Mohammedan states of India. The Mohammedan religion is even harder

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upon women than is Hinduism, and the head of it, the Sultan of Turkey, believes that women should be kept locked up in their homes always, and should never be permitted to visit the street without first covering their faces with a heavy veil. Yet not only is this State of Bhopal at present ruled over by a lady, but it has had a Princess as ruler on two earlier occasions. Miss Ethel Lyall, who has written of these Princesses,* tells us that, like her mother and grandmother, the reigning Princess of Bhopal is wise and clever. She can speak English, and is very anxious that the women of her country should be better educated. But she does not think it right that they should go out without their veils. It is interesting for us to remember that this Princess came to England for King George's coronation, and travelled in the great procession to Westminster Abbey. There are few women rulers in the world, and yet in a land where women are not given much respect this Princess carries on the government, rules over many thousands of men, and came to England, the only woman ruler in her own right, to attend the King's crowning. She also attended the Durbar.

There were many strange ceremonies connected with the coronations of the ancient Indian kings. One custom, which was used in the kingdom of Calicut, was one of terrible cruelty. The king was crowned in a temple by the river. This was in the days before the Portuguese came to Calicut. The people were still savage. On the coronation day a number of poor fellows carrying swords were ordered to run up the lane towards the temple where the King sat waiting. But as they

* In the *Manchester Guardian.*

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ran the people seized other swords and struck them down, and so before long every one of the once active men was dead with a dozen wounds. The object of this cruel custom, explains one who has described it, was to make plain to the people that nobody could reach the throne whereon the King sat.

CHAPTER IV

TONGUES OF INDIA, AND QUEEN VICTORIA

We have said India is a continent rather than a country. But there are many more languages spoken in India than in Europe. We have most of us heard of the language called Hindustani, and have perhaps supposed that that was the only tongue used in the great country. But Hindustani is only one of a hundred and fifty spoken in India. Among those most greatly used are Bengali, Marathi, and Punjabi, these being spoken in the provinces corresponding to their different names. And these are only a few of the races which call King George their ruler. These people, like the princes, are devoted to the King.

Some of the students talk about getting more freedom, but the Hindu native thinks of his white Emperor with reverence. At the time that Queen Victoria was first proclaimed Empress of India, the notice of her proclamation was translated into all the different languages and sent all over the country. Every Hindu thus heard that the "Great White Queen" was now his Empress. There were several

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reasons to make the Indians love Queen Victoria. After the terrible Indian Mutiny some English statesmen wished to punish the people with great cruelty. But Queen Victoria said that she did not want any revenge to be shown. Her saying this came to the knowledge of the people, and they felt that this Queen, who lived so many thousands of miles away, was their friend. They also heard that she was learning one of their tongues so that she could understand their petitions. Some of the Viceroys ruled them more fairly and with more understanding than others, and whenever a particularly just governor came to India, the people felt sure that he had been specially influenced by the wishes of his great Queen. Many of the people also knew that the Queen always showed special honour to any Indian Princes whom she met, and that, so fond was she of her Indian subjects, that as long as she lived she had an Indian servant. This man was a great and a very splendid figure as he moved behind his little black-robed Queen. The Queen helped India also by buying articles made by the people. To-day English ladies do not wear Cashmere shawls, and so that trade has fallen away. But as long as the Queen lived, whenever she had to give a wedding present, she gave in addition to any other gift one of these shawls. Queen Victoria governed no part of her Dominions more wisely than she governed India. But we are told by a writer in the *Manchester Guardian*, who explains all these reasons, that it was for another cause than any of these that the Indians loved the Queen. In 1861 her husband, the Prince Consort, died. This was a terrible blow to Victoria, and she never recovered

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from the grief which she felt. For the rest of her life she went about in mourning, and no one was ever able to doubt that till she died she thought only of her dead husband. Many people in England did not like to see her shut herself up as she did. They wanted more gaiety, and they said that the Court was a gloomy place. But while some English people said these things, the people of India thought of the Queen in a very different way. They said that she was a widow who understood her duty. Every widow in India is supposed to mourn her husband as long as she lives, and this, said the Hindus, is what the English Queen is doing. She is doing not only what she believes to be right, but what our religion teaches us is right.

The women of India had a great love for Queen Victoria. Now, these women are very superstitious. Everything odd or out of the common has a meaning for them. Suppose the family are to have carrot-stew for dinner and the baby gets hiccough just before the meal is ready, the mother gets wild with terror and says that plainly they must on no account partake of the stew, and so they have something else. Again, suppose that a young bride arriving in her new home stumbles. This is a sign of misfortune on the way. There is then a great burning of red pepper, and offerings are placed before the little brass gods on the roof in the hope of removing their anger. Every accident or strange sight is supposed to be a sign of what is coming.

Naturally, when this is so, the women place great belief in the stars. Now, one night, looking up, the women of a certain district noticed that a particular

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star could be seen through the tail of a comet. They became greatly excited. Queen Victoria was very much in their minds at the time, so off they went to an English lady to ask her if she could tell them which day of the comet's stay in the sky was appointed for the burying alive of the Queen. They explained that so noble a person as she was could never die, and that they supposed that she was being permitted to select a day for her own funeral. This is one more instance of how much the people of India thought of the Queen.

Thus the people grew to think of Queen Victoria with a great love, and when at last she died none mourned her more than did her Hindu subjects.

Let us now take up the map of India. We sometimes think that maps are dull things, but if we take the trouble to examine the map of India we shall find it much more easy to understand what we read about that great Empire than if we were to shut up the map and not look at it.

If the map were coloured and all the British provinces were marked in red, we should not find that they were all together in one part. We should have red here and green, or whatever was the colour we chose for the native states, there. If we begin at the Northern border, between Afghanistan on the west and Tibet on the east, we shall notice the native state of Kashmir, a country in which there are great snow-covered mountains. Kashmir is like Switzerland, and has some of the highest peaks in the world. South of this State is the Punjab, which is British territory, while to the south-west we see the native state of Baluchistan.

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More directly south are the British state of Sind, and Rajputana, the largest of all the native states, while to the east are the United Provinces, Bengal and Burma, all British states. Due south of Rajputana is the native state of Central India and the British one of the Central Provinces. To the south-west lies Bombay, and to the south-east Madras, while between these provinces, or "dependencies" as they are called, are the native states of Hyderabad and Mysore.

Looking at the map again we shall find Delhi just within the eastern border of the Punjab. Here it is that the King held his Durbar for the Princes of India, and here he was proclaimed Emperor. North of Delhi we shall find Simla. This town is high upon the hills, and receives the cold breezes that blow from the mountains of Tibet. To this town come the tired-out Englishmen who have toiled through the year on the great plains, giving justice to the people, feeding them and teaching them. Most of us find it a relief to go off to the sea in August, but our relief is nothing compared with the feelings of a man or woman who has withstood the terrible Indian sun for months on end. If we look at the north-east frontier of Nepal at a point on the map almost right over Calcutta, we shall see the highest point in the world. Here is mighty Everest. Below Calcutta we shall find the mouth of the Ganges, and shall see that it empties itself in the vast Bay of Bengal.

By keeping our eyes on the map we shall find it far easier as well as more interesting to read about the great Empire of India over which our King rules.

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H.M. KING GEORGE IN INDIA.

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CHAPTER V

INDIAN TEA

As we shall see, a great part of the tea we drink comes from Ceylon, but a large quantity is also sent to us from India. The story of how the tea plantations which are now the largest in India, were first discovered, is very interesting.

In 1823 there was living in British India a man named Robert Bruce. One day he heard a report that, in the wild country of Assam, a land owned by Burma, a plant twenty feet high had been discovered growing quite untended in the jungle. Its leaves were nine inches long. When he had heard further descriptions, Bruce came to the conclusion that this tree must be a tea-plant. The great importance of the discovery, if it should turn out that the plant was indeed one of tea, is easily seen, for hitherto nearly all the world's teas had come from China. Bruce, therefore, sent his brother to find the tree, and when the brother had carried out his visit and had plucked some of the leaves and examined them, he decided that Robert Bruce was right. This wild tree was indeed a tea-plant! And so he sent specimens to the Government at Calcutta. But the examiner whom the Government employed to test the leaves decided that they were not tea-leaves, but leaves of the camellia. As a matter of fact they were, but there is such a plant as a *tea* camellia. Years passed and nothing was done. Then Assam passed into British possession and again Bruce came forward, urging that

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the tree was a tea-plant and that the Government were neglecting a great source of future wealth. It was now that the Government gave way. They re-examined the plant and acknowledged that it was indeed tea. A company was formed, and later the tea-plant was imported from China under Chinese experts. If any one doubted before that tea would flourish in Assam he thought very differently now, for the plant grew rapidly and very soon Assam was a wealthy province. To-day four-fifths of the Indian tea trade is done by Assam. All tea in India and the East is called *cha*. The tea-tree in Assam is only allowed to grow to a height of six feet, though, as we shall see, it is kept down to about half that length in Ceylon. Most of the labourers have to be brought over the western border, and seven hundred thousand of these men are at work in the fields of Assam to-day.

CHAPTER VI

IN THE BAZAARS

No one who would know India can leave her shores without a visit, and a good long visit, to the bazaars. What is a bazaar? It is only a narrow street filled with long rows of small stalls with open fronts. As we step out of the glaring sun into this place of keen trading two things strike us at once—the strange scent and the blaze of colours. For no one can mix with an Indian crowd without noticing at once the red and orange and blue and gold that seem to mingle in the dress of

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the humblest of the people. As for the scent of the bazaars, Indian travellers say that it is never to be mistaken. One man used to declare that when on the seas between London and Bombay he could detect the smell of the bazaar far away over the blue waters of the Indian Ocean.

How best shall we begin our tour of this wonderful place of shadows and bargainings and colours and smells? If we would come out of it with good value for our money, we are advised to have a guide. Mr. W. S. Caine, who has written a book about India, says that to be successful we should ask some native Indian gentleman to come with us. He will speak the language of the merchants, he will know their way of bargaining, and when they see him they will be careful to deal fairly with us.

As we step towards the first stall we find ourselves among the sellers of grain. The shopkeeper looks calmly but keenly at the passers-by while we examine his rows of baskets, each containing some kind of grain, or dried peas or stuff for the much-loved Indian curries. We do not have long to wait before an old man in a shabby calico robe ambles up and gives an order. The dealer knows him, for, even before his customer speaks, his hand is in one of the baskets. In less time than one could count three the grain has been weighed and poured into the customer's shawl; away goes the old fellow and in a few moments there comes one who by his finer garments and air of importance we guess to be a rich man. He orders curry, grain, sugar, and peas, and then remembers something else and orders that too. When he has got all he wants, he bestows the

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purchases in a wonderfully clever way in all parts of his clothes. If we were tall enough to see the top of his head we should see a handful or more of peas in his turban.

Presently we move on and find ourselves opposite a cloth merchant's shop. The owner of this is in a large way of business as bazaar shopkeepers go. He has even an old carpet on the floor, and chairs for the best customers. Not that most of the people who visit him care much for these, in fact they prefer to stand or sit about outside on any bit of furniture which may be near. An old string bed gives them special pleasure.

The oddest thing about these cloth bazaars is that stuff sent out from Manchester can be bought here more cheaply than in the North of England. And not only so: in Manchester we can only get certain kinds of material; here we can get much greater variety. In Manchester the dealers will not be bothered to fill their windows with the very cheapest goods. If they did the patterns would be so loud that nobody would want to buy them. But the Indian tradesman knows that in his country nothing is too brightly coloured to find purchasers. And so if we pause before his stall we shall see the cheapest and horridest of calico, which he would like us to think was cloth. It is stained with the worst possible dyes, and if we look closer we shall discover that the patterns are supposed to be pictures of flowers. And such flowers! "We have never seen flowers like these in any garden or field we have known," we may exclaim. The merchant will not mind. He knows that what he offers is just what his customers want; and if only we watch for a little time, we shall see that it is the poor cloth that sells most easily.

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And this calico cloth is not the only article which the cloth merchant offers his customers. He has also roll upon roll of what he calls "woollens." They, too, are of very bad quality, and are painted in the most glaring colours, as are the thin and rubbishy silks which cover another of his counters. But if we will offer him a fair price he will show us stuff of a very different kind—real Indian silks or embroidered muslin with wonderful gold work upon it, or rare satin gowns with a strange sheen upon them. "We keep these goods," says the merchant, and then he goes on sadly, "but there is nobody to buy. Even the rich people 'sing cheap' nowadays."

This is true; and yet it is not altogether the people's fault. If an opportunity comes to them to see the real and rare old silks of India, though they cannot buy them they look on with admiration in their eyes. All thoughts of their own showy clothes and cheap calicos are forgotten in the beauty of the garment which the merchant has taken down from some out-of-the-way corner of his shop. Nothing fills a native onlooker with greater pleasure than to see some rich Englishman buy a piece of fine cloth, although to the native himself the purchase means no advantage whatever. He watches the dealing and when the customer carries away the fine old piece of stuff, the natives smile after him as after one who has done them a personal kindness.

Perhaps before the next store we shall see a small crowd watching a donkey being relieved of the burden on its back, and as we look closer we see that the burden consists of two great sacks of melons. As soon as the load is removed another patient beast arrives to give up its heavy sacks; and as quickly as they are

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unloaded the greengrocer piles up the fruit on his stall. The native Indian loves a melon. Give him a melon and he is happy. He will not worry about its sourness or its badness. English people say that these melons are sometimes very good, but that at other times they are very much the opposite. But the Indian does not care; all he asks for is a melon. It will have to be pretty bad before he will refuse to eat it.

And now if we are boys we shall be highly interested, for the next stall is the confectioner's. Even before it is reached we can hear the buzzing of the flies, who are on the lookout for the sugar which is so important a part of Indian cakes. All Indians are lovers of sweet foods, and so the cake-shopkeeper can afford to have a big counter. In one corner we shall notice a great flame. It is here that he boils the sugar with which he stuffs the cakes he makes. The things he sells have odd names, or it seems so to us. But if we mention them, even, to an Indian boy he will quickly tell us that we are speaking of some of the finest sweets and cakes that it is possible to buy. One sweet is called *buttésas*. It is made of milk and sugar, and is what we should call "candy"; cream toffee is called *burfâni*. Then there is a sweet called *jellabis*. These are only good if the butter used is fresh; but the ordinary Indian sweetmaker is not very particular about the age of the butter he uses, so an English boy might not care very much for his *jellabis*. Not so the Indian boy; he has learnt to be content with anything if only it is sweet enough. Even with a farthing he can get sweets enough to satisfy him. He will run at once to the cake shop and ask for two big balls of a mixture of

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sugar, rice and *ghi*. But it is not only the boy who likes sweets; his father is just as fond of them. Let us suppose that an Indian is about to set off on a journey. He will have many things to arrange. If he is a Hindu he will have inquiries to make about the "luck," as he calls it, of his journey. He will also want a supply of rice to take with him; but besides that he will want a bag of sweets to eat, and whatever else is missing from his outfit the sweets will not be.

In England, particularly in small villages where shops are few, we have what we call "general stores," and there are general stores in the bazaars of India, only the mixture is even more odd than the mixture in our own little village shops.

But perhaps the oddest shop to be seen in an Indian street is that of what is called a "relic seller." "Relics" are really small objects, seemingly quite common and unimportant, which the seller says has become, for one reason or another, holy. Perhaps they have belonged to some ascetic, perhaps the shopkeeper claims that they are known to have been used by one of the great dead teachers of the past. For whatever reason, they are said to be sacred articles, and a good price is asked for them.

If we visit such a shop on a festival day, we shall find it doing a great business. Pilgrims, led by priests, come to the door and crowd in. If they hesitate, servants of the shopkeeper standing outside invite them to look at the treasures for sale. And so heavy-looking young men from the country are persuaded to spend their hard-earned money on the "relics." These relics, if the truth were told, are of no value. They have not even

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the merit of having belonged to "holy" persons. A shopkeeper will show a young countryman a common glass stopper, tell him it is of untold value, and that if only he will buy it he will be greatly blessed. The young man buys at last, and carries away his treasure. He takes it home and worships before it. Yet it is only a common stopper, and this the shopkeeper knew quite well when he sold it; but he was quite ready to trade upon the ignorance and superstition of the Hindu.

CHAPTER VII

WAYS OF LIVING, AND CRAFTSMEN

When the time comes for a little Hindu boy to begin to earn his living, he probably takes up whatever craft his father practises. He will certainly do this if his father follows one of the trades which is ruled by a guild, for the man will have arranged long ago that his son shall do so. But the old crafts of India, though they are still carried on, are not by any means as fine as they were. The work which the craftsman produces is very different from that which his grandfather did. Why is this? One reason is, that the Indian has not got a great deal of money and another reason is that he likes glaring colours. So, when a merchant offers some shiny article, covered with daubs of paint, the native says to himself that here is something far cheaper and far finer than the things he used to buy and for which he had to pay dearly. In those old days a veil-maker was content to take weeks to dye a single veil. But when

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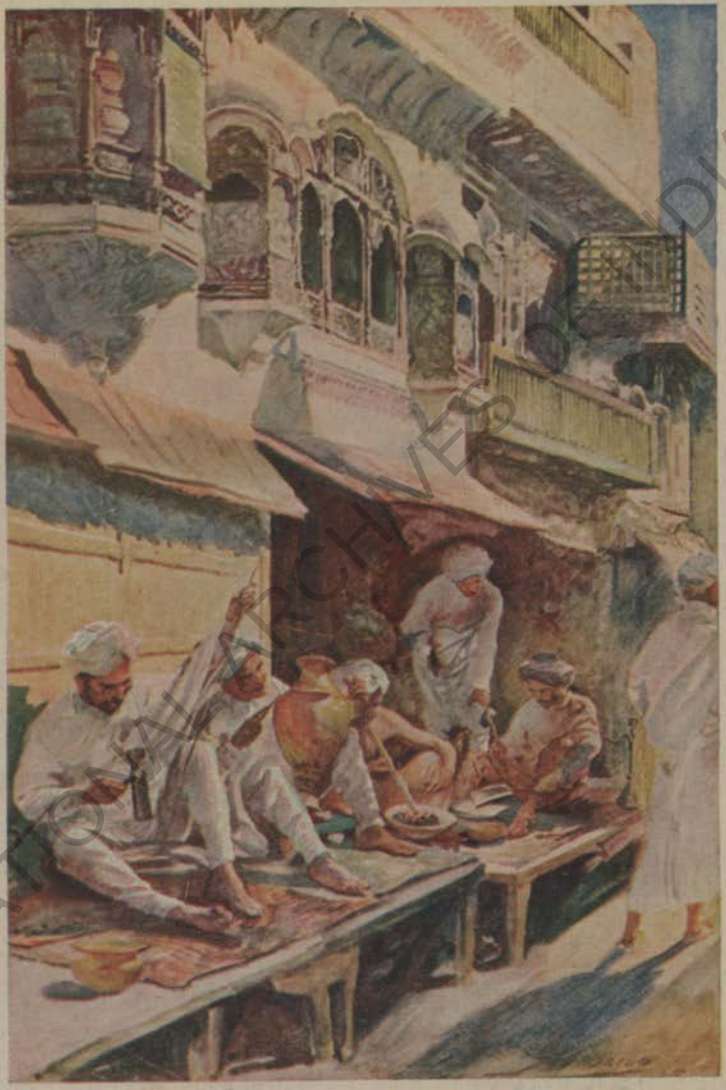

WORKERS IN AN INDIAN BAZAAR.

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the veil was finished the colour was so fast that nothing could fade it, and it would last for two hundred years. No matter how often it was washed the colour held, and at the end of that long time it was as fine and glowing as when it was first hung up in the bazaar.

A native Indian cares little enough for these fine things to-day. He made beautiful things naturally, but without knowing that they were more beautiful than the vulgar articles turned out by the thousand by the English manufacturer. And to-day he makes few of the fine cloths which he once made.

Another Indian craft, which is not what it once was, is that of the jeweller. In the days when the bazaar glowed with the precious stones that hung from the ear and nose and hand of the wealthy merchant and the native courtier, men lived by making wonderful pieces of jewellery. In the fields of Golconda they found stones of such fineness that the like were never seen elsewhere, and these they cut and shaped until they shone like stars and glowed like fire. But the craftsmen used gold and silver for the settings for the jewels. As long as their rough methods of purifying the gold were sufficient, they were able to carry on business. But as time passed, inventors made machines for doing the work in a way much more perfect than the rough-and-ready method of the Indian jeweller, and the native tradesman soon found that the merchants of Europe were taking his trade away from him. Again, the jeweller to-day cannot cut diamonds and other precious stones in the manner that his grandfather could, and so the gold-worker's and jeweller's trade is falling away.

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India

One of the most wonderful of all Indian crafts known is still carried on. The man who makes gold thread still works in his stall in the bazaar. The best gold-thread makers may be seen in Delhi. One of these craftsmen can draw gold wire out to an extraordinary length. Take him one of our gold coins and, in a few moments, he will have drawn it out to a length of half a mile. What we see, as he does this, is not thread, however, but wire. He has another method of mixing the gold with his thread. Under his feet is a ball of silk. This runs up to his spindle and, as the wheel revolves, the fine gold wire is mixed with it, and gold thread is the result. It is this thread which is used to embroider the splendid clothes of the native princes and the wonderful and glowing cloths which cover the State elephants.

The weaving of this gold thread into fine cloths is still carried on, and even with the rudest of looms an Indian craftsman is able to produce work such as British workmen, with the newest of machines, could not turn out, for in India men have learnt to use their hands. Even to look at an Indian worker's hand is to feel something of his power. The thin fingers look so strong and yet so wary. If anything can be done with hands at all, it can be done with the hands of an Indian native worker.

An Indian craftsman thinks far less about money than a British worker. He will be quite happy if he gets, not several shillings a day, but two or three shillings a week only. His needs are few. Rice enough for himself and his family and a few coins to spend on sweets in the bazaar will satisfy his requirements. But

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he thinks less about money than the Englishman, not only because he needs it less, but because he does not think that the money he will get is the most important matter connected with the craft he is practising. Far more necessary is it that he should do his work well, he says to himself. If his work is so fine that he becomes well known for it in the town in which he lives, he will feel well content. His desire will then be to live up to the great name he has won. But even if he is not particularly well known, he will wish to do his work as well as he can just because it is his work. He labours, in fact, not so much like a workman as like an artist, and when he sees the work of another good craftsman, even if he does not know him, or has never heard of him, he praises it, saying, "He was a worker indeed!"

It is a very good thing that the man who carries on one or other of the old crafts of India should do so in the old slow way. Only by so doing can he produce the fine work such as his grandfather did. But other Indian tradesmen also use old methods, even when the trade they follow is not of a particularly delicate kind. There is, for instance, the carpenter. He uses the tools, not only of his grandfather, but of his great-great-grandfather and of his forefathers before that. In fact, two thousand years ago and more the tools which were used by Indian craftsmen were exactly the same as those used to-day. Because of the clumsiness of the tools the work done is very bad. We have perhaps a beautiful carved panel. It will look very well in a door, we say, and so we send for a carpenter to make the door. The carpenter comes and sets to work. He works very hard with his few

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poor tools, but when the door is complete and has the panel put into it, what a door it is! Here and there are gaps which the carpenter has filled in with putty, while the surface of the wood, which would be perfectly planed by an English joiner, is rough and uneven.

Not but what we may find splendid pieces of carpentry. Everything, however, depends on the skill of the particular man employed. If he is specially clever he is more or less independent of his tools, and then he will do fine work. But if he cannot depend on his hands we shall find ourselves thinking that with all his faults the British joiner can do a neater job than his Indian brother.

CHAPTER VIII

SOME WONDERFUL CITIES

India is so large that it is possible for her cities to be very different from one another. Calcutta, which until lately was the seat of the British Government, impresses us with the sense of the power of the present rulers, while Delhi, though it is now the city of the Viceroy, reminds us of the power of the great Indian emperors of the past. Bombay, with its great British-built ships and docks, makes us think of the present, of all that the minds of men are able to plan to make conveyance between East and West possible in a few days. Benares, the sacred city of India, takes us at once back into the past—the strange, glowing, romantic past of Indian history.

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Some Wonderful Cities

Delhi, now India's capital—a city of high houses shutting out the sky and casting shadows right across the street—is not itself an ancient city. It was, in fact, only built in the seventeenth century. Yet before the present city arose there are said to have been several others built, which have since fallen away and sunk from sight. Signs of earlier cities of Delhi are said to be found within reach of the present city. That is one of the wonderful things about India. We may look on a bare plain and feel that on this spot, perhaps a thousand years ago, a beautiful city stood shining like gold in the sunlight, a city through which kings now long dead rode on gold-spangled elephants, a city crowded with thousands of men and women. Here little brown boys and girls chased one another. Here even the smallest of them grew to be old men, and died, and the city fell away. Perhaps a murderous tribe descended on it and destroyed it. To-day we know no more than that once it stood here on the plain, and that now only by digging shall we find any trace of it. Perhaps here and there some old tomb, which for hundreds of years has sheltered dead emperors, still stands to show us where once a people lived. But perhaps there is no sign anywhere that the plain was ever other than it is now. Even the living people are said to show little interest in life, the children playing their old games quite unmoved by the sight of visitors.

Shah Jahan built the city as we know it to-day. Delhi, in fact, is also known as Shahjahanabad. We have already said that, though he was a clever ruler, who greatly enriched his country, he is best remembered,

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not for his rule, but for the magnificent buildings which he raised. One of these may still be seen enclosed in wide and beautiful gardens. It is, perhaps, the finest palace in the whole world. The Hall of Public Audience was the place in which the old emperors met their people. The name of this hall is the Diwan-i-Amm. The building is of red sandstone. But as we enter and look round in wonder and admiration, we are thrilled to learn that in a certain place let into the splendid marble walls stood the Peacock Throne, one of the most famous thrones in history—a thing so splendid that the value was said to be six and a half million pounds. It was removed in 1739.

It was on the plain outside the city that thirty years ago an imposing event took place, for it was there that Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India. This was the first time for this title to be borne by an English monarch. Only nine years ago the Princes of India assembled again, this time to hear King Edward proclaimed as their Emperor. On this spot, as we shall read, King George was also proclaimed. But his proclamation meant far more to the princes than that of his father or his grandmother, for, for the first time, they saw, not the proclamation of an Emperor who, at the time he was being proclaimed, was in London thousands of miles away, but of one who stood before them, and to whom personally they could do their homage.

Though, until lately, Calcutta was to us the centre of India, and though it is still the largest as well as the most important city commercially, to the Hindus themselves it is a place of small consequence. When they

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wish to turn their eyes to the chief city of their land, they look to Benares. For Benares is the sacred city.

Benares is a wonderful place, full of strange and narrow alleys, beautiful temples with minarets that catch the sun's reflection, and carved roofs. It is a city of worshipping people. Here pilgrims flock from all over India. Look at the men who pass us in the narrow streets. Their feet are covered with dust, and some are lame. For these people have travelled enormous distances. Here, too, are the fakirs whom we have seen in other cities. But here they are seen in hundreds, for the holy men of India naturally travel to the sacred city. Little groups about the streets are seen surrounding some man who is engaged in torturing his body by sitting on nails or by burying his head in the ground so that his body only can be seen.

Beggars are everywhere demanding gifts. The houses are all crowded. So are the streets and the tiny shops.

Filthy streams of mud and drainage-matter trickle downwards towards the river, and if we would understand Benares we must follow the narrow streets towards the Ganges. As we go we see everywhere hanging to the entrances to the temples the sacred monkeys, while in the streets the bulls, supposed to be holy also, meet us as we walk.

As we come in sight of the river, which runs right under the mass of temples and buildings, we see a strange sight, for before us are hundreds of pilgrims bathing their bodies in the stream. They are, they believe, purifying themselves from all uncleanness, by which they mean from all actions which caste tells them

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they ought not to have done. But what are the fires we see burning on the banks? If we were to draw near we should see that they were human bodies which were being thus destroyed. These are the dead folk who have been fortunate enough to have relations with sufficient affection to carry their bodies all the way to the Ganges for burying. These corpses are wrapped in white and red bandages and tied to bamboo poles.

Unfortunately, the bodies do not always burn up completely, and it is a common thing to find charred bones and bits of half-burned flesh lying about. The ashes of bodies which have been burned in distant villages are also brought to the water-side. The stone steps or ghats leading down to the water are worn into great hollows by the feet of innumerable pilgrims, who when they are not bathing are worshipping upon the banks. Numbers of Brahman priests are seen on rafts which, though floating in the water, are fixed to the river bank. These men expect the reverence of all the pilgrims, and they get it. At times of festival thousands of the inhabitants go out upon the river in large boats, and remain in them all night. As these boats are decorated with many lights, the picture seen by a person on the banks is very wonderful.

One of the most wonderful sights of the sacred city is the Golden Temple. It has a dome which is covered with gold, and that shines brilliantly in the Indian sun. If you were to ask a Brahman about this temple he would tell you that it was the highest in the whole city, and that not only so, but that it was the oldest. He might be right in saying that his people considered it to be the most sacred spot in Benares, but he would be

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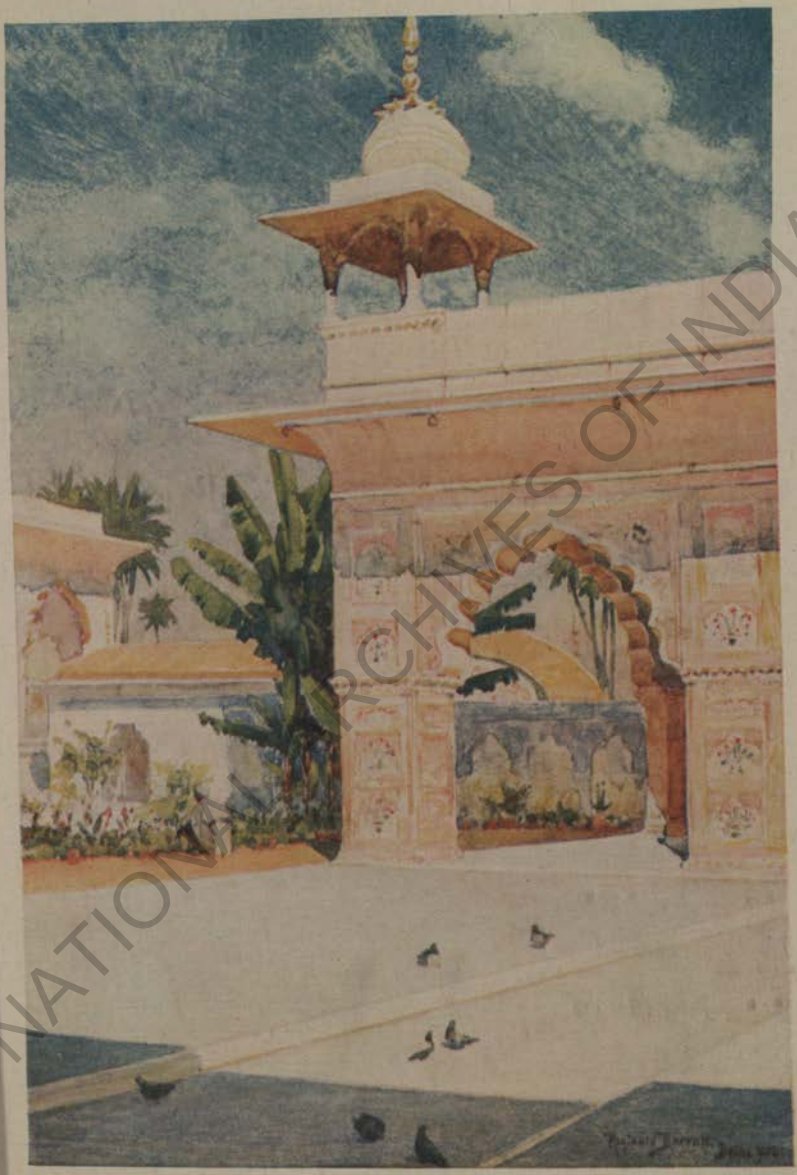

DIWAN-I-KHAS, DELHI.

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wrong in telling us that it was very old, as good authorities say that it does not date back before the time of Akbar, and there are many buildings in Benares and India which are hundreds of years older than the tombs and palaces which Akbar built. Because of its supposed sacredness the people crowd more closely around this temple than any other, and it is almost impossible for an English visitor to breathe while near it. As for the smell and the filth of the street, they are too bad for words. Near to the temple is the Well of Knowledge, while not very far away is a pathway to the river-side. Here we may see all kinds of tradesmen at work. If an Indian can afford it, he likes to employ a barber as well as other people to attend to him as he takes his bath. And so we may see here a man whose sole business it is to cure the corns of his customers, another man who for a fee will attend to the Indian gentleman's hands, another who rubs the limbs of those suffering from rheumatism, and so on. They do not carry on their business in shops or covered-in booths, but under big umbrellas. The rich Indian comes slowly along the bank, glancing beneath the umbrella roof until he sees the man he wants. Then, with much dignity, he gives his orders.

One of the best-known temples in Benares is the Durga, or Monkey Temple. If we examine the walls, we shall see many carvings representing monkeys, and when we step within the courtyard we see crowds of live monkeys springing from side to side. Even in the temple itself the monkeys which are held to be sacred play at their will. But what are these other creatures which we notice in great numbers in the yard? Goats,

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we say, as we look down upon them, and goats they are. They are here to be used for sacrifices in the temple. For while the Buddhist people of the East refuse to take life in any form, the Hindus make sacrifices in their temples. They do not, indeed, kill cows, for to them the life of a cow is more sacred than the life of a man. But they kill goats in great numbers all over India at festival-times, and here we see the creatures being fed and fattened against the time when they are to be used for sacrifice.

If we want to be reminded of the early days, not of the Indian native empire, but of British rule in India, we will go either to Bombay or Madras. We notice, if we glance at the map, that this latter city is in South India, and if we were to wander down its streets we should see everywhere people of the Tamil race. As we make our way to the centre of the city we shall see one sign at least of the devotion to the British throne which lives in the hearts of the Indian people, for we shall come in view of a statue to King Edward, raised in 1903 by one Rao Bahadrok. In Madras we may have pointed out to us the spot where the old East India Company raised its first buildings. It was in 1639 that, on land granted to them by the Raja of Chandragiri, the company settled down to begin its long life—a life that only ended in 1858.

One unpleasant fact about Madras is that, being very close to the shore, it is constantly being troubled with a fall of sand. Whenever there is a little wind, the sand is carried up into the streets. It is not particularly pleasant on a hot day to meet suddenly a rush of this fine dust.

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Bombay

CHAPTER IX

BOMBAY

In 1665 one of our most worthless kings, Charles II., was married in Whitehall to Katherine of Braganza. Braganza is in Portugal, and at this time the Portuguese were a great and powerful nation. People thronged Whitehall to see the wedding procession go by and to cheer the king and his new queen. With what interest they gazed on the face of the lady who was to rule over them! Many wondered, doubtless, that day whether she would be able to influence her husband's life, and persuade him to think more of his country and his Government and less of his own amusements. The people watched and cheered and cheered again, and at last went home; and perhaps not a man or woman in the crowd realized the wedding on which they looked was important for other reasons than that it united two powerful nations. No one that day, not even the king himself, had any vision of the millions of brown-skinned people dwelling thousands of miles away, who, because of that marriage would begin their lives anew under a completely different Government. Certainly no one guessed what lay in the future for these people and for England because of the event of that now long-distant day. But what in fact happened was this: On the day that Charles II. married Katherine of Braganza, Bombay passed from the hands of the Portuguese into those of

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the British. Bombay was in fact the queen's dowry. That it was a good thing for the people of the country we do not doubt; but there was no thought of the people that day. Few knew where Bombay was. The great Minister, Lord Clarendon, one of the best officers of state which England had in the difficult times of the Stuarts, thought that this colony would be found somewhere near Brazil! If the wisest of the king's statesmen knew no better than that, we cannot suppose that the common people knew more. As for the king, all he knew or cared was that Bombay meant new wealth for the state of England. Nevertheless, it was now that England was first established in the East and began her long reign over the greatest dependency the world has ever known.

If we get out a map of India and seek Bombay, we shall not be able to see any sign of the fact that it stands on a group of seven islands. Yet, as a matter of fact, it does, and the space it covers is about twenty-two miles.

At the time that the ignorant English accepted Bombay as payment of dowry for Charles's queen, they did not guess what a rich prize they were getting. When, in 1668, the city was let to the East India Company, the English Government thought that ten pounds only was a reasonable rent to charge for a year. Moreover, so small was the opinion then held of the healthiness of the place that the merchants of Surat used to say that they would only give an Englishman who settled in Bombay three years to live! To-day we know the worth of Bombay, particularly as our ships grow greater, for Bombay has the best harbour in India;

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a harbour so big, indeed, that it could hold almost all the ships upon the waters of the world.

In the years that followed Bombay grew. So far, however, she was more famous as a port than as a place of manufacture; but in 1854 a change came. Hitherto Lancashire merchants had done a roaring trade with the East, supplying the Indian people with cotton cloth and yarns, and had nearly killed the trade of the Indian craftsman. This cloth is used largely by the Indians for dress. But there was in Bombay a certain clever Parsi. The Parsis were a race of sun-worshippers who had been driven out of their native country of Persia hundreds of years before by the Arabs, and who, finding that in Bombay, under British rule, there was more likely to be room for peaceful trading than elsewhere, came into the town and settled down. Here they soon became the chief traders.

The Parsi merchant to whom we have referred was living in Bombay in 1854. He saw how the people were buying up the white cloth from Manchester, and he asked himself a question. His question was just this—We get our cloth from Manchester, but where does Manchester get the material to make the cloth we buy? And then he answered his own question by saying that "she gets a great quantity of it from America, but" (and this was the important point) "she gets some of it from India—from us. Therefore, when we buy, we are really buying our own stuff. But why should Bombay send her cotton to Manchester to have it made into yarn? Why should she not make it herself?" And so the Parsi set up a cotton mill in Bombay, and began the trade which is now the

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greatest carried on in the city. In the mills of Bombay to-day one hundred thousand people—that is one-eighth of the people—are employed. Later on, the building of the Suez Canal brought Bombay nearer to England than any other Indian city. So rapidly did her trade now develop that even Calcutta, which was the business centre of the East, began to be afraid, in spite of the fact that she had natural advantages such as great rivers afford.

Englishmen and Scotsmen in increasing numbers made their way to the East and settled in Bombay. Poor men quickly got rich, and many whose homes in Scotland had been whitewashed cottages, who did all their own work, and who had no better means of conveyance than their feet, lived in magnificent houses and in the midst of great splendour, employing scores of servants, and driving out on elephants. There were no poor Europeans in the East in those days. Money filled any man's pocket who liked to open it; but these people got rich by trading one with another. Always meeting and trading, the English and the Parsis, the Jews and the Hindus, became friendly, and a writer in the *Times* tells us that for this reason, relations between the various races are quite different from those in other parts of India, where each people keeps to itself.

Bombay has many splendid docks, and it is these which are the first sight which meets the eye of the traveller arriving in India. But when the voyager reaches the harbour a launch is put out, comes alongside, and then conveys him to "Ballard's pier." When at last he lands, he is struck at once by the beauty of the

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city. But he notices another thing, and that is, that Bombay is very well governed. The greatest trouble to new arrivals is caused by the terrible dust which is always being blown about. But in Bombay the dust is carefully kept down by pouring oil over the roadways.

Among the features of Bombay are the fine homes which the native merchants have built for themselves on the hills above the city. Englishmen who once had everything their own way do not now find it so easy to buy up the best houses. The trade of the city has grown so quickly that the Parsi traders and others are now—some of them—millionaires, and, having money, they like to spend it. Consequently, some of the best positions in the suburbs are owned by them, and a new arrival finds it hard to find a good house. The favourite suburb is "Malabar Hill," another is built beside the sea. But most of the surrounding country is inviting to the English and Parsi merchants, for though it lacks the fine buildings of other cities of India, Bombay is before all in natural beauties.

CHAPTER X

PLAGUE! PLAGUE!

To-day Bombay has many fine public buildings. These were put up by a Viceroy named Bartle Frere. He pulled down the old wall so that the city could grow, and when he left Bombay it was far more beautiful than it had been before. But one work he did not do,

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and this work is only now being done. In Bombay there are great buildings which in England we call tenement houses. In these are scores of rooms, and in each room a family lives. It is said that in one of these tenement houses nearly a thousand families were found living. Now, when people crowd together there is always danger from disease. For years the people herded together, and at last a dreadful disease called the "plague" fell upon them. The poor ignorant Hindus did not know what it meant. All they knew was that their friends, even their dearest relations, were dying or dead. They were filled with terror, and thousands of them ran away, and as they ran they carried infection with them. It is said that in a few days thousands fled in this way. It is interesting to know that as the weather gets warmer risk of disease grows less.

The Government is very strict in the rules it makes to prevent plague, and even when an Englishman passes from a plague district into one free from the disease he is expected to have a passport. He must also report himself to the doctor once in every twenty-four hours every day for ten days. At the end of that time, if he is still healthy, he is allowed to continue his journey.

We have all heard of the Plague of London, and know what a great number of people died in consequence. But the Plague of London happened only once. In India the terrible disease is always present, and far more people die in India every year from plague than have ever died in England. The disease was so bad a few months ago that it was even feared that the

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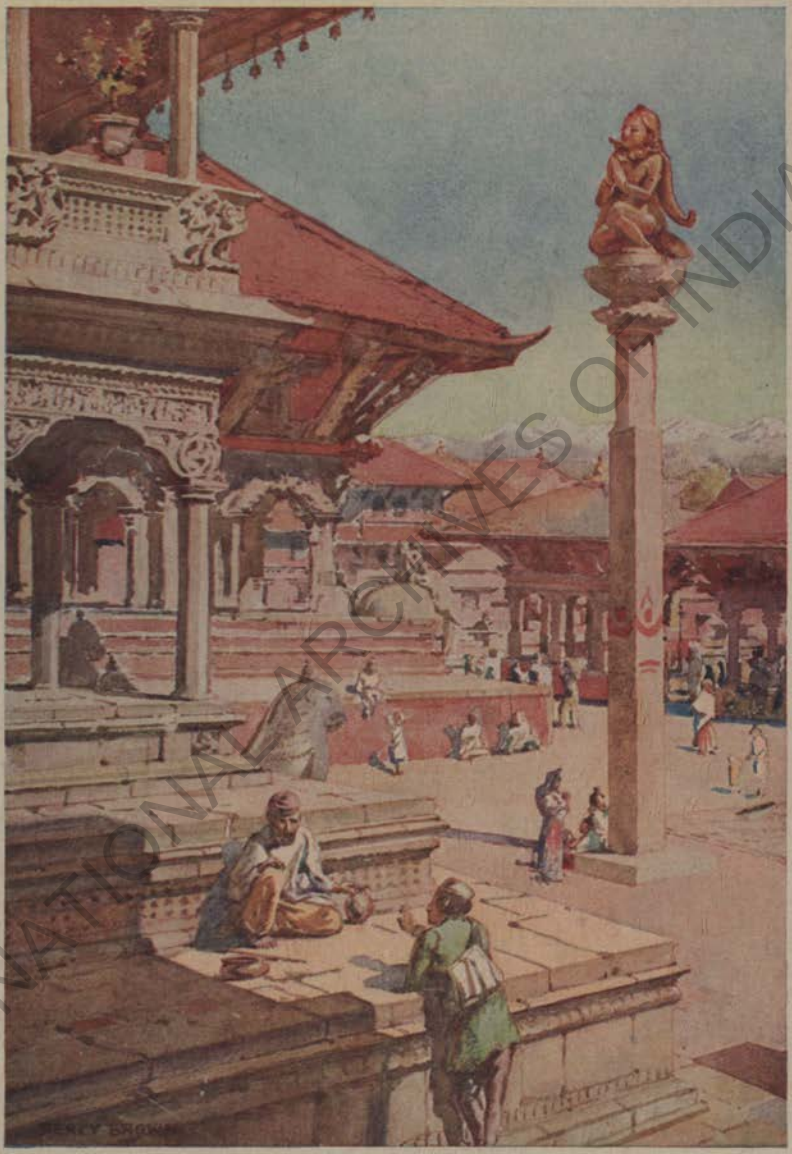

A CORNER OF THE DURBAR SQUARE, PATAN, NEPAL.

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King would not be able to go to India after all. People were afraid that when the cold weather came the sickness would grow worse. Something is being done to stamp out the disease. Old houses and dark streets are being pulled down, and the Government is being advised to collect the dirty old blankets which the natives use in cold weather and burn them, for it is said that these blankets contain the worst kind of infection. Only one good thing has the plague done, and that is, that it has given many people who had nothing to do work which once was done by those who are now dead.

One of the most important ways of saving the people from the plague is by means of what is called "inoculation." Most of us have been vaccinated, and know that we are thus treated in order to save us from danger of the terrible disease called "smallpox." In the same way the doctors in India are able to treat the natives. Just as it is true that there is no use in vaccinating a person when he has got smallpox, so it is no use in treating a person who has plague. Inoculation, indeed, means prevention. If a man is only inoculated in time, he may be saved from all danger. Only a short time ago the terrible plague was spreading in India, when it came to a town called Garakpur. In this town is a boys' school, where there are boarders as well as day boys. The master resolved that the only way to save his pupils from the dreaded disease was to have them inoculated. Accordingly the doctor was sent for, and out of two hundred and fifty boys two hundred were done. Indians of high caste have many servants, and even schoolboys take their servants to school with them. Accordingly the servants of these boys were also inocu-

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lated. So, too, were the masters. In fact, everybody in the school was so treated save only about fifty of the day boys. Then the head-master had a hunt for rats, for no creature carries plague infection so much as the rats do. About the rooms the searchers went. They looked into cupboards and under tables, and under the beds. But they found nothing there. They went also to the kitchen, but nothing did they find there. But in the boarders' larders were three dead rats killed by plague. Once every week the master ordered that all bedding and the boxes in which the boys used to carry their food should be taken out and placed under the fierce light of the sun. The boys thought this great fun, and would not let the servants do the work, but did it themselves. Every week they rolled their mattresses into a pile and carried them out and left them in the hot sun, which soon burnt out all germs of disease.

And what was the result? While all this was being done, in a house opposite people were falling and dying from plague every day. Yet in the school of two hundred and fifty boys only a few became ill at all, and not one of these died.

CHAPTER XI

AGRA: ITS TOMB AND ITS SHADOW

In the opinion of many people Agra is the most wonderful city in all India. Certainly it can claim the finest building, for in Agra may be seen the Taj Mahal. It was built by Shah Jahan in memory of his beautiful

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wife. That great monarch loved his wife with a great love; when she fell ill he was overwhelmed with fear. And when she died, his heart was filled with such grief that he could not bear it. He knew not what to do nor where to turn. And then there came to him an idea. Upon the carrying out of the plan in his mind, he set to work. And his resolve was that this wife of his, more beautiful—as he believed—than any woman who had ever lived, should have a tomb worthy of herself. It should be such a tomb as the world had never seen, such a building that men should marvel, such a place of beauty that those who saw it would hold their breath. And so workmen—to the number of twenty thousand—were ordered to assemble in Agra and to begin the work. It took eighteen years to build the Taj, and through all the centuries that have passed since its last stone was placed in position it has endured. And yet over it always must rest a shadow, for the men who built it were not free men, but slaves. For eighteen years they toiled beneath the eye of their master. It is true that they were given food, for, if they had been denied that, how could they have toiled? But the food given them was small enough, and as for their wives and children, the emperor had no thought for them. The men who worked upon the lovely tomb, had they been left to dwell in their villages, would have been able to grow their grain and reap it, and give food to their wives and children. But when all their time had to be spent in the toil of building, they had no leisure to tend their fields, even had those fields been close enough at hand for them to reach them at the day's end. And so, slowly and quietly, the wives of

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these men and the little children starved to death. To keep alive the memory of one dead woman, how many living women died?

While the beauty of the splendid Taj may fill us with wonder, we need not join with those who utter gushing words about the devotion of the men who raised these stones.

So wonderful is the Taj that most of the people who have to describe it have come away saying that their words have no power. It is a tomb in the midst of a garden, a great white marble-domed building, which has two lesser domes beside it and four high narrow white towers, each standing alone at a short distance from one of its four corners. And upon the great central dome is a glowing golden pinnacle, two hundred and forty-four feet above the ground-level. One who has seen the dome, white and round and beautiful, has confessed that, while she came prepared to criticize, she was at sight of it silenced by its beauty.

And now we pass within the building and look at last upon the place where lies buried the wife who was loved and the king who loved her. Surrounding the burial-place are wonderfully carved screens of white marble. And as we look round we see that every part of the chamber is beautified with fine coloured stones of all kinds, worked into designs of flowers. The spot where the queen lies is shown by a slab of white marble, while beside her lies the king. The screens are so high that if the tomb were in England we should be standing in darkness as we looked upon it. But being, as it is, in India, its screens only protect our eyes from what would otherwise be a terrible blinding glare.

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And interred not far from here out of sight lie the bodies of twenty, thirty, perhaps fifty thousand women and children, who starved because their men were forced to build this tomb.

The Taj is the chief sight of Agra, but the city is famous, and is not to be passed by when the great tomb has been seen. For Agra, like Delhi, is one of the chief cities of the Bhopal emperors, and many signs of their power may be seen here.

CHAPTER XII

HOLY CITIES AND RIVERS

ALLAHABAD was one of the favourite cities of Akbar, and here he often lived. The place on which it stands is considered sacred, for it is the meeting-place of three of the holy rivers of India. During December and January—that is, at the full moon of the Hindu month called Magh—there is a great festival held in the city, and to it come thousands of pilgrims, who believe that by thus visiting the city, if for but a short time only, they will be purified. Pilgrims are only admitted by ticket, yet thousands come every year. At this festival more fakir's may be seen than on any other occasion in India. But more wonderful than is the mere sight of so many people is to see them bathing in the Ganges by moonlight, as that river washes beneath the city wall. Allahabad is now becoming a great railway and trading centre.

Allahabad is full of interesting sights, but perhaps the most curious is the Temple of the undecaying banyan,

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which is situated below ground. After having plunged into the depths, we follow a dark stone passage, and at length find ourselves with the tree before us. Little shrines surround it, for the people think it to be holy.

The Ganges is the most famous of all the rivers of India. We have seen how dependent the Hindu farmer is upon rain. It is not hard to understand why he should think of a river as specially a gift of God. But while every river is to him a wonder and the bringer of good to his land and to himself, the Ganges is the chief of rivers and the most sacred. The people pray to the Ganges as to a spirit, just as do the Chinese to some of *their* rivers. Pilgrims visit the Ganges every year, and the most important pilgrimage which a Hindu can take is that along the river's banks from its source to its mouth. Only a few men have the time or opportunity for this, but millions visit one of the sacred cities every year, and carry away a little of the water.

Another sacred river, though it is not so famous as the Ganges, is the Cauvery, in Southern India. To the people of the south, the Cauvery is the holiest of all rivers. Nay; it is more, for they believe not only their river is holy, but that it is the daughter of the god Brahma. They also say that once a year the Ganges finds its way underground to the source of the Cauvery, in order to free itself from the impurities left in its waters by the pilgrims who bathe there. In journeying to the sea through Mysore the Cauvery forms two islands, which are famous all over Southern India for their sacredness. These islands are called Seringapatam and Sivasamudram, while a third formed by the river is called Srirangam. Another great river of India is the Indus. This rises in the

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vast Himalaya Mountains, one of the greatest of mountain-ranges. It is among the Himalayas that there rises Mount Everest, which is the highest mountain in the world. It was so called from the name of the man who first discovered its height. But though Everest measured the mountain, he never reached the top: no one has been able to do that. The air is so cold on the peak that man could not live in it. Visitors who wish to see this mountain take train from Calcutta to Darjeeling. The train struggles up terribly steep mountains all the time, and looking from the windows the traveller sees deep valleys below him, which look as if they might swallow him up. The line curves so much sometimes that it looks like a half circle. The men who built this track had very hard work before they made it firm enough for trains to travel over it. But to-day locomotives pass over it in safety. We think of India as a land of great heat, but we have only to travel on this railway to discover that the land can also be a land of intense cold. The snow never leaves these great summits. When at last Darjeeling is reached, the traveller leaves the train and is carried still higher up the slope of the mountain by native servants, who never seem to get weary. Up, up, up they go, until the traveller is as high as he can expect ever to get. And then what a wonderful picture of great white mountains meets his eye! Such a sight he certainly has never seen before, for he is on the highest part of the earth; he is on the "roof of the world." Near here, according to the belief of the Hindus, the world's centre is situated. And from these mountains pour down the great rivers of India, which carry hope to the farmer in the distant plains.

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CHAPTER XIII

A STRANGE HOSPITAL

VISITORS to India are always advised not to miss seeing the city of Ahmedabad, for in some respects it is the most wonderful of all. It is not a large city as Indian cities go, nor is it very old, its history only going back to the fifteenth century. Yet its buildings are compared with the most splendid which one may see even in this land of splendid tombs and mosques and domes. But it is interesting for other reasons. Ahmedabad is, for instance, a place of manufacture, and to see the tradesmen and their work is to see fine craftsmen performing wonderful and delicate tasks. All the workers of these arts, like those of other places in India, belong to the guild of their craft. A little boy, Mr. Caine tells us, when he reaches the age at which in other lands he would decide how he will earn his living, has nothing to decide. All is settled. He becomes what his father was before him. Perhaps his father is a coppersmith, well known in the bazaar for the clever manner in which he prints designs upon vessels for carrying water, or upon great and splendid trays, as well as small brooches and spoons and pots. As the boy watches his father he begins to wish that he too could do such work; then some day, to his great delight, his father says that he will give him his first lesson; and so the next morning the boy is up early, only too ready to begin. Yet he is not very certain of himself. Doubtless he will make some mistakes and spoil fine pots,

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A TYPICAL TIBETAN.

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which, had he left them to his father, would have become valuable and sold for a high price. At first, perhaps, his father will not let him touch these things, and will let the boy begin upon cheap articles which, even if he spoils them, will not mean a great loss. But there comes a day when the boy sets to work to design the face of a tray of great beauty, and though once he would have feared to touch it, he has no fears now. Slowly he works, and slowly the design comes forth from beneath his clever fingers, and at last the work is done and the tray is ready, and now his work is examined by the guild to which his father belongs. Perhaps they have looked at his work before, and decided that he was not good enough. Now they examine it again and say that it will do, and that the boy may enter the guild. How jolly he feels when they say that, for, though he may be young and poor, he now sees himself a man, with the power to earn a good living. The guild do not reject a boy because he is too young. As soon as he can do well the work of his trade he is allowed to become a member.

In his spare moments the boy may wander through the ancient city in which he was born and see the works of the great brassworkers of the past. There may be seen in Ahmedabad many splendid pieces of work. There is one tomb in particular which the boy will see. Its gates are of brass, most beautifully carved, as also are the screens which surround it. And here a dead emperor lies.

One of the most interesting sights in the city is the Panjrapol, or animal hospital, where we may see dogs and cats, goats and cows, which are ill or are without

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owners. When a cow is found wandering in the city, and there is no one to claim it, it is taken off to the Panjrapol and made comfortable there. These hospitals are supported by the rich men of the town, just as English hospitals depend largely on what is given to them by the great merchants of London. These merchants of Ahmedabad think, indeed, that the lives of these creatures are more precious than their own. Though they hold some of the beliefs of the Hindus, yet they are also Buddhists, and one of the teachings of Buddha was that all life is sacred. And so these people feel that as long as there is life in any animal it must be cared for and assisted to live. As we wander through the city we see other signs of how the people care for living creatures. Thousands of birds are fed in special feeding-places, while even the wild squirrels are sure of food, and know it.

CHAPTER XIV

TERRIBLE TIBET AND A GREAT MISSIONARY

What lies beyond the northern mountains ? A strange, mysterious kingdom of which, until lately, men knew nothing whatever. A land of gloom and fear for the traveller, it is not in India, though right upon her borders. The land is called Tibet. For hundreds of years the people lived a life retired from the world, and killed or tortured any foreigners who dared to cross their border. In spite of the great danger, however, some men did venture to enter. One of these was a

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daring traveller named Henry Savage Landor. He not only crossed the border, but reached the capital of the country; but he did not escape uninjured. The people felt that here was a stranger who had at last spied out their lives and customs, and who would make his way again to the outside world with reports of what he had seen, and so they took him and subjected him to torture. But they did not kill him, and he escaped across the frontier with strange tales of what he had seen.

The Tibetans do not follow the religion of India, but they are Buddhists like the Japanese and the people of Burma and Siam. They have as their head a person called the Grand Llama. This person was believed by them to represent God. He was always a boy, and was put to death on reaching the age of manhood. Mr. Landor was not the only white person to get into Tibet. There was a lady, a Miss Annie Taylor, a missionary of Northern India, who entered that strange mysterious land to carry the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the people there. Perhaps we scarcely understand what courage was needed before she could do this. She lived in Tibetan style, fed on the native food, dressed in the native fashion, and was accompanied by two other women; but there was no one to protect them in case of attack. They had to take their lives in their hands, yet they never hesitated, for that is not the way of the Indian missionary. Some of the very bravest men and women whom England has sent to India have been missionaries. The first of these was William Carey. Carey was not a rich or famous man. He was only a poor cobbler in Northamptonshire. For

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years he toiled to improve himself by studying Latin and Greek. As a youth he did much village preaching, and when a young man he became a minister, but as he only got fifteen pounds a year he had to turn to and make shoes as before. One day there was a meeting of ministers at Northampton, and Carey asked them to discuss whether "the command given to the apostles to teach all nations was not obligatory?" Before this few people in England had thought of sending missionaries to the heathen. But the result of Carey's words, and the sermons he preached afterwards, led to a great movement for sending out missionaries. In 1793, Carey himself, together with Dr. Thomas, sailed for India to be the first missionaries sent from England to that great land. But in those early days the missionaries had difficulties to face in India which do not trouble them to-day. The country was then controlled by the East India Company, which forbade any missionaries to enter the country. When Carey was about to land, therefore, the Company lost no time in telling him that he would not be allowed to remain if he preached, and all his property was thrown into the River Hugli. The society which had sent him out was not able to give him much money, and so, when the company forbade him to preach, Carey had to set to work as a trader, like the other Englishmen who were settled in India. He was given charge of an indigo factory at Malda, and by this means was able to keep himself; but he was soon engaged in other work of a more important kind. With two other Englishmen he translated the Bible into the language of the people of Bengal, and though he had been an ignorant

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shoemaker he was soon so learned in Eastern languages, that the East India Company, which had once opposed him, gave him the high position of a professor in a college at Fort William, founded by Lord Wellesley, the governor-general. For this work he was paid fifteen hundred pounds a year, all of which he gave to be spent on missionary work. In the meantime the East India Company still said it would allow no missionary to preach. But every twenty years the charter which gave it its right to rule India was supposed to come under the reconsideration of Parliament.

There was in the House of Commons at that time a great man named William Wilberforce. He it was who helped so much to destroy the British slave trade. Wilberforce very much wanted to help Carey, and so when next the charter came up for discussion, he proposed that the Company should no longer have the power they had hitherto enjoyed unless they promised to let missionaries enter India undisturbed.

Wilberforce had his way, and since then missionaries have not been troubled by the Company or by the Government which succeeded the old Company.

CHAPTER XV

INDIAN ASCETICS AND MEN THOUGHT HOLY

One of the strangest sights in India is that of the ascetics who make pilgrimages from one part of the country to another. English travellers sometimes, while far away from the great cities on the plains or

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the coast, will meet a lonely man, his body covered only in a rag, his feet worn by rough roads, his step slow, and will be told that the man is a pilgrim who believes that by thus making a journey to some holy river or sacred mountain or city he is preparing for himself some great happiness in another world. Perhaps he has lived in the hot plains, yet here he is upon the mountains where the snows never melt. He is not allowed to starve or to go by without receiving offerings of money from the people who see him, for they believe him to be holy. But they do not give him coverings for his body. He still wears only the rag. Nevertheless he is often able to bear the bite of cold, and he is able to endure the rough roads. For his mind is set upon a single idea, and that single idea is to carry out the promise he has made to himself to perform the long journey to the source of the great and holy river, the Ganges.

They are unpleasant men to quarrel with, and for the most part they are ignorant. Yet some of them know a great deal about the workings of the mind. The people look at them in awe and even terror. Being terribly superstitious, they easily believe that these wild creatures, with their uncovered bodies, their glaring eyes, and their faces smeared with ashes, have powers that are denied to ordinary people. These holy men, the people think, can look into the future as into a book, and can read a man's life whom they have never seen before. But, worse than that, they think that the ascetic has power not only to read their future, but even to shape it. If they ill-use him, he can so arrange things, they say, that they will have nothing but misery for the

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rest of their lives. It is true that only ignorant people are afraid of a fakir, yet, should it so happen that a man who has been cursed by one of these terrible "magicians" experiences some misfortune, however plainly the unhappy event is due to ordinary causes, the people believe that the man has received the punishment which he was promised.

And these men are very clever in keeping up the native belief in their powers. The Hindu is easily influenced by a powerful mind, and the minds of these ascetics are most of them very powerful. They tell the native that he must believe this and that about them, and simply because he cannot help it the native believes. It is because their minds are so powerful that they are able to endure the roads over which they walk, the winds that blow upon them in the high hills, and the sun that beats down upon them in the plains. They care nothing for any of these things. They have learnt to bear all that may meet them. And so, wherever we may wander in the wide streets of Bombay, among the temples and beside the river at Benares, on lonely mountain-roads and on village greens, we see some of this company of "holy" men, dirty, stained with ashes, their feet hard with walking, their bodies thin with fasting and hard travelling, their eyes glaring with defiance of all weathers and roads and people who would hold them back. And as we watch them we cannot but think to ourselves what a waste do we see of energy and of strength and of hope! But these men, as we shall see, are only one kind of ascetic.

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CHAPTER XVI

THE FAKIRS AND SOME STRANGE AND CRUEL CUSTOMS

ALTHOUGH the British Government forbids the practice of many ancient customs, and protects the Indian against himself, the fakirs, or ascetics who give up their whole lives to self-punishment, are allowed to do as they like. And so it is a common sight in an Indian street to see a man sitting cross-legged with his hands raised above his head, and to be told that he has sat thus for twenty or thirty or more years. In Bombay to-day there is a man who goes every morning to a certain tree and has himself so tied to its branches that he hangs downwards, and throughout the day he so continues. Only at night-fall is he released. And he has done this for year after year. But some men do not even return home when night comes. Many sit immovable throughout their lives, dependent for food on the offerings of those who believe them to be holy. One horrible method of self-torture which is commonly practised is to hold up the arms until it is impossible to put them down again, while another is to clench the fist for so long a period that the finger-nails grow through the hand and come out at the other side. Other men sit upon plates covered with upturned nails, while others burn themselves in order to suffer the necessary pain. And the people who look at them believe them to be holy men. To make them offerings is to get for ourselves some likelihood of blessing. And as he sits there in his place

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year after year, the fakir's fame grows until even the haughty Brahman will show him respect. If it is the pleasure of the holy man to remain sitting, the people will come to his feet and stand reverently looking down upon him. If he should choose to visit the sacred waters of the Ganges, with what respect do they help him towards them! Perhaps he has become too stiff to move himself, and so they are able to increase their own goodness by aiding the holy man in his walk.

The fakirs do not preach or talk. They believe that the cruel and unnatural punishments which they put upon themselves do the teaching and preaching. Mostly these men, so far from talking, give themselves up to silence and meditation. Their minds wander far from the place where they are sitting, and the people who watch them have then a greater sense than ever of being in the presence of the holy. And when at last the fakir dies no one doubts but that he passes into an existence far happier and finer than that for which those who have admired him and fed him can dare to hope.

For many years after the British took over the government of India they refused to stop the customs, however ignorant and cruel, practised by the people. But in 1828 Lord William Bentinck became governor-general, and he made laws to prevent widow-burning. In future, he said, any person who assisted a widow to burn herself would be guilty of murder.

We must not think, however, that because the Government has said that there shall be no more widow-burning that "suttee," as this terrible practice is called, has actually ceased. Not very long ago there was a case in a village near Calcutta. A man lay dying. The

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doctor had given him up, and even if the doctor had been an educated one, and we do not know that he was, he could not have saved the sick man. There was no hope, and, knowing this, his wife resolved that when he passed into another world she must go with him. First of all, however, she took some water of the sacred Ganges, and, going to his side, poured it into his mouth. He was by this time too far gone to know what she did, but she believed that by so acting she was doing him good. And then, this done, she crept away from him resolved, in the words of her people, to "eat the fire." First of all she put on her finest robes; every fine piece of coloured cloth which she possessed she wound round her body. Then she put on her jewels—her brooches, her bangles, and her rings. Last of all, in accordance with the law of suttee, she stained her face with red paint, and now she was ready—ready for burning, ready for death, ready to accompany the husband who, in the upper room, was lying with life almost out of his body. Quickly the woman bolted the door, and then, taking up a flask of oil of a kind which is very inflammable, she emptied it over her clothes and body. This done, she set herself alight. Presently a relation of hers smelt the burning, and opened the door, to see her standing and burning with her hands held up. In a few minutes all was over; the woman was dead.

And now the people who had known her in life came to worship the place where she had died. Had she lived and been a widow, they would have despised and ill-treated and hated her. But now nothing was too good for her. They reverently begged a little of the red paint from her dead body, believing that if they

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could transfer some of this to themselves, some of her goodness would pass to them. And this strange and ignorant act of the poor woman is held to have been a noble and devoted one. For, though suttee is not now permitted, the spirit which led to suttee and to all the other terrible customs of the ancient Hindu faith still lives.

Of another of the cruel customs which Lord William Bentinck tried to prevent we are reminded when we visit the city of Jahalpur. For in the town we are shown a certain building which, we are told, is a gaol. The curious thing about the building is not its appearance, but the purpose for which it is used. In it are prisoners of one kind only, though of a terrible kind, for this prison is given up to captive Thugs. It is many years ago since the people who followed the terrible Thug religion filled India with terror by their deeds, for each Thug believed that it was his duty to kill with his own hand exactly a hundred people. There was only one rule regarding the manner of the killing, and that was that no blood must be shed. And so the Thugs used to go about attacking in a way of their own the unhappy creatures who happened to come in their way. A stranger coming to a lonely spot upon his road would be suddenly seized from behind, his throat would be caught in a terrible grip, and only when life was out of his body would the grip loose. Then, as quickly as possible, the body would be carried away and buried far out of sight. The Thugs had special pickaxes to make graves, and looked on these weapons as holy. Their deeds were so terrible that the Government police were set to work, and all who could be proved to be con-

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nected in the smallest degree with the terrible teaching were ordered to be locked up for the rest of their lives. And now, though these are dead, their sons have to be guarded, lest they, too, should feel it their duty to go forth and kill.

While the Indian people still have no regard for the value of life, they are not now allowed to follow the old practice called "sitting in Dharna." This was a very strange and terrible custom. A man one day got into debt, and could not pay. He hoped to be able to do so, but day followed day, and still no money came in with which to pay off his creditor. Several times the creditor demanded to be paid, but the debtor could only shake his head. Then the creditor threatened Dharna. Instantly the poor debtor besought him not to perform that practice, but the next night he saw the well-known figure of a Brahman advancing slowly towards his house. Too well he knew what this meant as he watched the other man come before his door. Would he rush in and kill? perhaps we would have asked. Would he burn down the house? He would do something far worse, we would have been told. He would sit down—that is all. He would sit down outside the door. And that is just what the Brahman, who had been hired by the creditor, did. He seated himself before the debtor's door. This, we think, seems a very harmless thing to do; but wait. The debtor turned from the door and settled himself for the night. Perhaps once in the darkness, perhaps twice, he peered out, and whenever he did he saw the outline of the figure of the terrible Brahman. The day dawned, the debtor rose, and still the man sat outside. The debtor went to his work if he

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had any, and when he returned the Brahman still sat outside his door. A second night came and went, a second day passed, and when a week had gone by the Brahman was still there, but he was not eating, in fact, he was starving, he was dying in front of the debtor's house! Very well did that debtor know what was coming. Soon the creditor's representative was dead, and then, as the debtor believed, the awful responsibility for the Brahman's death fell upon him, and very likely he died soon himself in great misery.

Generally, however, the debtor, if only he could find anything with which to pay off the creditor, would do so, for he would be far more fearful of what would be his lot with the Brahman dead than with himself with his home sold up. This terrible way of dealing with debtors is not now permitted by the Government.

CHAPTER XVII

CASTE

No one who would understand the people of India can do so unless he understands what is called "caste." The caste system is observed by all the Hindus in the country, which means that a good deal more than half the population of India are under caste rules. What is caste?

Caste is the line that separates one rank of men from that just below or just above it. The Hindus believe that there are four chief castes, the first of which is that of the Brahman, or priest; the second, that of the

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warrior; the third, that of the farmer; and the last, that of the labourer. But there are said to be thousands of other minor castes. In fact, every separate trade followed by the inhabitants of an Indian village is in reality a caste, with its own special rules and regulations. It is hard for us to think that the trade of a man who cuts out clothes, or who carries water, or who lends money, has a particular religious meaning, and a great number of laws which must on no account be broken. Caste is shown even in passing the time of day. For instance, if a Hindu meets a Brahman, he asks him "if his devotion has prospered." But if he meets a farmer, he inquires "if his health is secure." Should he come across a labourer, however, he will merely ask him "if his health is good."

The caste system is terribly strict in its rules. It is not often that a man is allowed to marry a woman of a caste other than his own. No man dares to have any dealings with a person of a caste other than his own. Between each rank a line is drawn. If anyone passes over that line, a terrible punishment may descend upon him. If he is a tradesman, he will find suddenly that no one will deal with him, and soon he will be ruined. The caste law, however, rules him in much less important matters than marriage. It tells him, indeed, everything that he must do or not do. He knows, for instance, exactly what particular pots or pans he may use in his kitchen, and to use any others would be regarded by him not merely as a breach of etiquette, but as downright sin. Before we can understand why this should be so, we must understand that to the Hindu eating is a religious act. Some of the most important laws of

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the Hindu religion on which the caste system is built deal with the eating of food, and the chiefest of all these rules—one of the greatest of caste laws—is that which says that a man of superior caste must not touch food in the presence of a man of lower caste. It does not matter how accidentally the lower-caste man may come upon his superior at a meal. If the superior allows himself to be seen he is committing a terrible sin. The food he is eating is unclean. He must put it away.

We have said something about the terrors of famine. Let us visit an Indian village home. The famine is already here. In many dark corners lie forms of men, women, boys, and girls, that will never move again. In other corners figures that move but rarely, and then feebly and weakly, lie shivering, for hunger makes them cold.

We have no means to help. We see the skinny and trembling hand held out for the little rice, the very little rice that would keep alive the wasted body. Outside doorways or propped up against the bamboo walls of the village crouch or sit other figures, and these also are wasted almost to shadows. All are starving, all seem dying. In one particular hut, if we enter, we see a woman, with skin hanging loosely on her bones, and two children, a boy and a girl, both so thin that they seem to have little flesh left upon them. They can only moan feebly : they have no energy to play. Neither of them has any wish to go out into the sunlight to see the little friends with whom, before, they loved to run about. They only want to lie still. And yet sometimes as we watch them we see a feeble expression of hope in their eyes. When the mother hears a movement out-

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side, she seems even in her weakness to prick up her ears and to become excited. Then, as she recognizes the sound to be made only by a shaking old man groaning beside the door, she sighs, and falls once more to listening. But again there is a sound, and again all become excited. Again they are disappointed. It is still only the old man. At length, however, tottering steps are heard quite distinctly. Someone is at last plainly coming. The woman listens. Surely she knows that step. She listens eagerly, and the boy and girl also turn their tired eyes towards the doorway. At last the foot pauses without, the old man near by is heard to groan and beg, and the woman's heart is now confident that her hope is to be realized. The old man would not have asked unless he had seen something in the hand of the man to whom he cried.

The door opens, and a tall man with a body like a skeleton staggers into the room. He has only strength to move feebly, but he still holds in his hand a bowl. Nevertheless, the feeble family—the mother, the boy, the girl—have already understood that he has been successful, that what he went out to get, by selling his old plough to a man in another village, he has got. Rice! rice! rice! Food! food! food! Life! life! life! Hope grows in all eyes. The shaking, weak mother gets out her pot, and somehow lifts it towards the fire. Then eagerly she takes from her husband the precious burden of rice which he has brought to her in spite of all his weakness. Soon the fire is piled up, and the pot, full to overflowing, is on the flames. How hungrily the children wait for the moment when they shall taste. But at last even that moment comes, the rice is taken

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off, and the pot placed upon the floor. From their corner the children crawl, their eyes filled with the terrible look of hunger. How the hearts of all rejoice! Was any meal like the meal just before them? Into the bowl goes the spoon. Suddenly a step is heard at the door. The old man who had fallen outside near their hut had heard the preparations; he thrusts in his head. Instantly the heart of the father turns, as it were, to stone. The mother lets her spoon fall from her hand. The children, with despair in their faces, turn miserably away and groan, for they, no less than their father and mother, know what has happened and what must happen now.

The man who has looked in is of lower caste than their own. He has looked upon their food. Their food, therefore—the food that was to keep them alive, that was to make them happy and strong once again, cannot now be eaten. It must be thrown away. Each must starve, each must die, for caste must be obeyed.

Caste is cruel. Caste takes no account of life, but caste must be obeyed. Here is a true story told by Miss Carmichael: A little baby boy, still too young to talk, had a terrible disease of the eyes. Day after day he lay and moaned in agony. But no one could help him, for no one knew what to do. The ignorant native doctor was helpless. Miss Carmichael, who visited the home of the little boy, was filled with pity. She knew that there was a British hospital some distance away, where the little boy's eyes could be attended to, and where he could probably be cured, and so she asked his parents to take him there, or if they would not do so themselves, to let her take him. They shook their heads.

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Then she besought them to let her take the boy. Still they refused. And they refused, they said, because it would be contrary to caste rules to allow the boy to go to a hospital managed by Christians.

CHAPTER XVIII

GIRLS AND WOMEN AND WIDOWS

THE position of girls and women in India is not a very happy one, although it is not perhaps so miserable as it was before the English Government made laws to stop certain very cruel customs.

Girls are married when they are very young. Sometimes their husbands are themselves only little children, but sometimes they may be quite old. Of course, the girl has no choice in the matter. Her parents make all the arrangements.

During her years of married life she may or may not be happy. If her husband is kind to her, though she has little liberty, she may have not much of which to complain. On the other hand, if he is cruel, or she on her part dares to change her faith and become a Christian, her lot may be very difficult. The Hindus never attack missionaries. They listen to what they have to say with much politeness. It is only when one of their own people dares to become a Christian that they are angry. And this a woman, even more than a man, soon finds out. Miss Carmichael, who tells us much about the women of India, says that one day a certain woman decided to give up Hinduism. In a

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day or two one of her children died. She was told at once that this had happened in consequence of her even considering the idea of quitting her old faith. And so for the time being the woman gave up the idea. But later she decided once more to give up her old belief. This time her cow died. Once more she was told that she was being punished. It never occurred to her perhaps that people well understood the use of poisons. It happened that the woman's husband was himself disposed to accept Christianity, and so one day he was summoned before the council of his caste to explain himself. While he was with them he was given some rice to eat. He ate it. In three days he was dead. Once again the woman was told that she was to blame, and that this time she had killed her husband. She was given a short time in which to mourn for him, and then, as she still said that she meant to become a Christian, she was sent away from home, and out of the country altogether. We may say that surely the British Government does not allow people to be sent away when they have done nothing wrong; but the Government can do little against caste, and the men who follow caste.

Caste laws, however, are most cruel to widows. In England, when a man dies, people sympathize with his wife, and try to be as kind as they can. But in India a widow is considered to be a very wicked woman. If she were not wicked, or, rather, if she had not been wicked, her husband would still be alive. So argues the Hindu. He believes that everyone now alive has lived on the earth before, and that in her earlier life every woman who is a widow did some great sin for which

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she is being punished in her present life. The death of her husband is a certain proof of her former evil doings. What the sin was that she committed, the Hindu does not profess to know. Only of one thing is he certain, and that is that she is a creature so hateful that her punishment must not be allowed to cease even with the death of her husband. In the old days women often burnt themselves alive at the death of their husbands. They did this so that they could accompany their dead to the next life. But they may have done it also because they knew that if they dared to remain alive those who lived near them would see to it that never again, as long as they lived, would they know a moment's happiness. Widows do not often burn themselves to-day, but the cruel methods towards them still continue.

In many parts of India a widow is compelled to shave her head so that all the world may know her shame. Not that she is supposed to show herself; on the contrary, she is compelled to remain in some room away from sight. She is only allowed to enter the other parts of the house when there is work to be done. If her husband's mother is alive, the poor little widowed daughter-in-law will be worked like a slave. The old woman will think that by such treatment she is avenging herself for the loss of her son. But the poor girl-widow will have harder things to bear than mere scoldings, or even beatings. Sometimes she is sewn up in a sack and so left. Widows are not supposed to learn anything. Nobody wants to see them, or to talk to them, so why trouble to teach them? That is how the matter strikes a Hindu. Under this constant cruelty some of the girls have fits of

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madness. Because of their confined life, women become very fond of talk about small matters. If they are well enough off they do little else, and an English traveller says she has known a home in which none of the women in it did anything throughout the year but eat sweets and talk idle gossip, and quarrel among themselves.

No one ever shows sympathy when a widow is seen crying in her misery. "Let her weep," is one of their sayings; "though she weep, will a widow's sorrow pass?" And so she is treated by all.

In most houses, Miss Carmichael tells us, a widow is allowed to leave her back-room for a few minutes only each day. This moment of freedom she enjoys at about the hour of noon. Afterwards she must return to her room. There, in loneliness and misery and darkness, she must pass the rest of the day and all the night. There is only one break, and that comes when a meal is taken to her later in the evening.

CHAPTER XIX

THE VILLAGES OF INDIA

We have said something about the cities of India. We have seen that Calcutta, until lately the capital of that great land, is the largest city in the whole of the British Empire, London only excepted. And we have learnt that there are also other great cities so big that scarcely any of our own are larger. And yet if we were to take all the people who live in the cities of India, and put them together on one plain and count them all, we

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should find that there were not nearly so many of them as there would be if we assembled all the people of the villages and counted *them*.

India is a country of villages, and by far the greater proportion of the people live in these small companies. In ancient times these villages were ruled under a regular system. There was first of all a kind of viceroy, who was head over a thousand villages, and who was responsible to no one but the emperor. Under this ruler were ten, each of whom had charge of a hundred villages, while under each of these ten were the headmen of each village itself. Even to-day this system is in part kept up. The village still has its *lambardār* or headman, though the higher rulers are Englishmen. In some places these headmen inherit the position from their father. In other parts the people have the power to dismiss a headman who is unjust. The headman's business is to collect taxes, to see the laws are kept, and to plan the policy of the village—that is, to decide how it shall do its work, and how it shall conduct itself in regard to other villages, the Government, etc.

Every village has also its *panchiyat* or council, a very old affair, which meets, as it has met for many hundreds of years, in its own special building. This building is very simple and unimposing. It has nothing of the grandeur of, say, the Guildhall ; in fact, it is little more than a great hut without walls. The chief care in building it is expended upon the roof, which is made absolutely weather-proof. Under this sheltering cover the chief men of the village meet to discuss the district affairs. There are generally eight or nine of these men, though at one time there could be five only. The ques-

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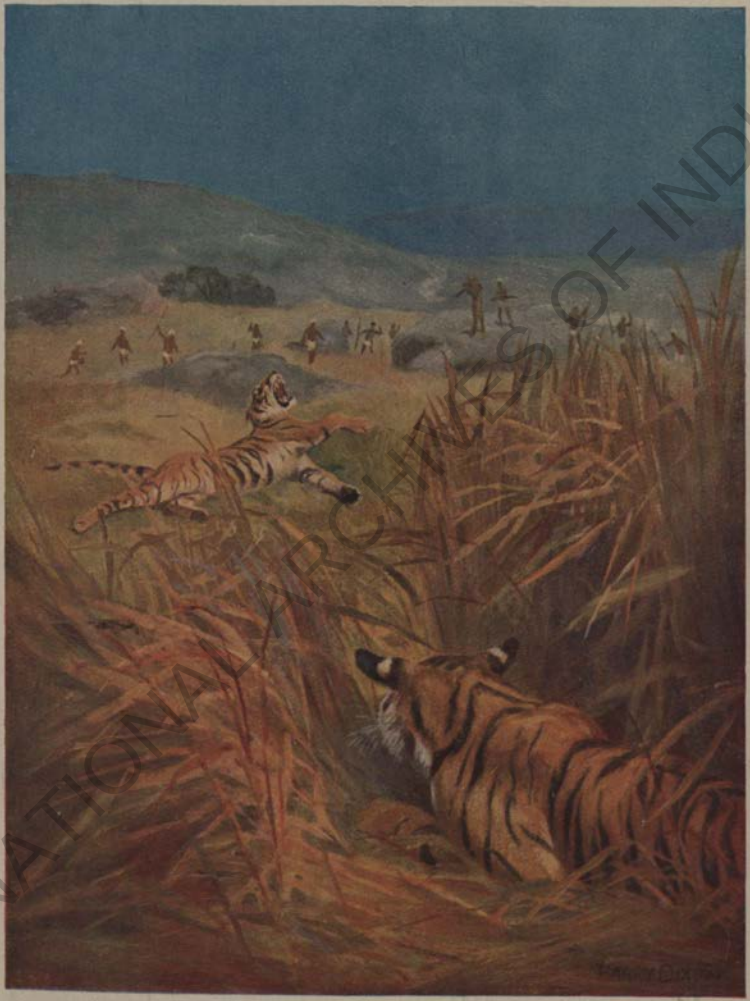

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tions which they have to decide are mostly connected with the boundaries of the various fields in which the villagers grow their crops, or perhaps they plan to send some request to the English Government, asking for relief from a threatened famine or for lighter taxes. The *panchiyat* has still got some influence, though not the influence it once had. It now does little more than help to decide disputes about profits on land.

A village consists of a number of small houses or huts. The houses have roofs of dried grass, and if sandstone can be obtained, the walls are made of it; but if not, the Hindu makes bricks by pounding mud into hard square-edged lumps, and then builds his house with these. When the houses of a village are completed and the thatch is on them, a stockade or thatched wall is built round the village, so that the whole is enclosed.

For what object is the wall put up? One object is to prevent tigers and other savage creatures which roam the jungle from getting into the village and carrying off the boys, and girls, and cattle. The Hindu fears the tiger not only for the reason that we fear it—the reason that it would tear us to pieces if it could—but because he thinks that this terrible beast has the power of a god. He knows how stealthy the great creature is, and how mysterious in its movements; and he fears it as he would not fear some other wild animals which would kill him if they could lay their claws on him.

But the stockade has another purpose. The caste system demands that there shall be a clearly marked line, showing exactly where the village ends. The pariahs, the people without caste, are then ordered never to cross the line into the village, and to make their

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homes in the jungle outside. At one time these outcasts were treated very cruelly, and were indeed made slaves. When they were not forced into slavery, they often sold themselves, to avoid starvation.

Within the village we shall notice the well, and probably shall see the women going, as they have gone for hundreds of years, to draw water. If we look into a house, we shall see the place where the cooking, which is so important a part of the Hindu's life, is carried on. The pots and pans for this are of much greater importance than the furniture. Most of the villagers are farmers, or depend for their living on the work of the farm. There will probably be a few Brahmans living in the best houses, and these will not do any work on the fields. But even these men, if they are not priests, will own land and employ others to work upon it. As for the members of other castes, they will nearly all cultivate a little land. Those who are not farmers or farm labourers belong to the castes which follow trades necessary to the comfort of the various people dwelling in the village. A farmer could not get on without a blacksmith, so in most villages one man follows the trade of a smith. There is also a carpenter, a jeweller, and a barber. The barber has a very regular business, for no Hindu will ever shave himself. He is, moreover, the surgeon of the village, while he is also supposed to be the go-between when a marriage is to be arranged. An Indian barber when shaving a customer does not use soap or brush, but merely damps the man's chin and then scrapes it.

Still more important than the barber is the man who keeps a record of all the happenings in the place. It is

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A MOHAMMEDAN GIRL.

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his business to make notes of all the fields and their owners. This man is called the *patwari*, and besides keeping records he gives receipts for rents and taxes paid. If there is any question as to the ownership of any particular plot, or as to the boundary between two fields, the writer is called in and asked to turn to the page in his book which says who took over the piece of land in question. He is in some degree the lawyer of the village. But more important than this man to many villages, though his position is not so dignified a one, is the village money-lender. The Indian would be helpless without the money-lender, for *ryots* are always borrowing, and are never free from debt. Another important person in the village is the washerman, while there are also to be found men whose work it is to build houses. Other people of great importance are the potter ; the *baid*, or doctor, who ranks below several of the other tradesmen ; the *bhistee*, or Mohammedan water-carrier ; the *darzi*, or tailor, who makes all the clothes of the village on the same pattern ; the labourer, and the cobbler, who is allowed to have the skins of all the dead animals in the place. In an Indian village, in fact, there is to be found almost every tradesman whom we would expect to see in our own streets.

In the village there is also sure to be a fortune-teller, to whom the people go on all occasions, such as a marriage and a birth, to discover what kind of a life the married pair or the little baby, as the case may be, is likely to have. They believe whatever these fortune-tellers say, and treat them with respect, so that men who thus employ themselves may expect to live in comfort. The people have confidence in the most absurd

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statements, and will feel quite safe if he is near them. We can imagine with what wonder and awe the boys of a village watch this strange man as he passes.

Besides sorcerers there will, if the village is a large one, be living within its walls a snake-charmer and a conjurer. The snake-charmer will profess to be able to protect those who go to him from snake-bites. All these people, who live on the ignorance of the villagers, are treated most respectfully. They are not paid in coin, but are given a piece of land in the village, on the crops from which they are able to live. The villagers think it a great favour to have such people among them, and if a village is too small to be able to give land to a sorcerer, it looks forward to the time when it shall be able to afford the luxury of possessing a magician of its own.

CHAPTER XX

THE FARMER AND HIS WORK

The Indian worker on the land is called a *ryot*. He farms exactly in the way his father and grandfather did. His wife is a keen gardener, and in her little compound we should see her growing all kinds of fruit-trees, including the mango, so well known and so beloved by Indian children. These women of the villages are chiefly responsible for keeping up the belief in images. We should often notice them hastening off with little offerings for an idol's shrine.

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The Farmer and his Work

Work in the fields is begun with the plough, which is drawn, not by horses, as in this country, but by oxen. The ground is not turned over as quickly as it is done by our farmers, because the Indian could not afford to buy the ploughs and other implements used in England. He has to content himself with a wooden plough. This done, and the ground being ready, the farmer sows his seed. After this he has hard work in watching over this seed until it springs. But while he works hard, he is not allowed, unless he is of high caste, to amass wealth. The old law used to forbid *sudras* to grow rich, "since a servile man who has amassed riches gives pain even to a Brahman." The *sudra* is quite willing to obey this rule, for caste law is as much observed by him as by anyone else.

Harvesting is a time of anxiety to the Indian farmer. Only when his crop is garnered does he feel he can rest. But when he gets home at last, how his dark face glows with delight! The farmer may grow wheat, spices, rice, or millet. Some farmers grow oil seed, oil being needed for religious purposes by most Indians. The spices are wanted for the curries. Other farmers grow jute and cotton, while there are also many fruit-farmers. The grinding of the corn in India is not done by men, but women—not that the men are sitting comfortably at their ease at home while their wives toil. They are already back in their fields harnessing their oxen to the old wooden plough once more, for there is another crop to be planted at once. When the ground is ready, it is sown once more, and by the spring a second crop is ready for harvesting. Indians cannot manage great affairs, but for getting the most

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out of a small piece of earth, there is nobody to beat the Indian farmer. He is the hardest of hard workers, and his only holiday is taken when he can snatch a few days between harvest and sowing-time.

The best farmers in India are, however, not the Hindus, but a race called the Jats. They are the descendants of an earlier race called the Getae, who were ruled by Alexander the Great. These men are very strong and healthy, and understand all that a man may about crops and fields and cattle. Mr. Datta tells us that there are some well-known proverbs in India which illustrate what the people think of these Jats as farmers. "The Jat stood on his cornheap and said to the king's elephant-drivers, 'Will you sell these little donkeys?'" The Jats believe that they are descended from the powerful Rajput race.

The people of an Indian village live a happy enough life if they are in a part of the country where there is a river to moisten the land, or where they may expect sometimes to have rain. The western coast, for instance, has plenty of rain, sometimes as much as 250 inches. But by the time the clouds have reached Central India they have dropped most of their burden. The people live on the crops they themselves grow, and do not need to go outside their own district for any of their necessities—unless there is drought. The thought of drought is the most terrible of all things to the Indian's mind. Perhaps the weeks and then the months pass, and no rain comes. The farmer looks up to the sky in the early morning, and sees that it is still blue and unclouded, and his heart is heavy. He knows what lies before him if no little cloud

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creeps into that wide blue sky. He sees his cattle grow leaner each day—the cattle whom he is taught to hold as sacred, who help to till his fields and who supply him with milk. He knows he will be ruined, and that he must starve. But a little later, as the farmer watches, he sees coming over the mountains banks of clouds, and he knows that the monsoon —the great rain which will rescue him, as it has rescued him so often before—is on the way. Soon the rain is pouring down upon his land, deluging it with the water which it so much needs. And so the farmer is saved. His crops are now gathered in, and his cattle are soon stout and healthy. Only if the rains fail for two years in succession does famine follow. The bushes are then seen to have entirely disappeared, for the people have pulled up every one in order to find food for the dying cows, while soon the people themselves begin to faint and fall and die. In one year only three provinces in India escaped famine.

It is at such times as this that the Indian people have reason to be thankful that they have the British Government to fall back upon. The Hindu can endure suffering without crying out; that we have seen in the conduct of the fakirs and the other self-torturers. And so, when famine attacks him, he sits quietly in his house or on his veranda, while he grows thinner and weaker every day.

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CHAPTER XXI

FAMINE!

DROUGHT fills India with gloom. But it is not the farmers who suffer first. If they are short of corn, they can get it from their storehouses. The men who suffer most are those who live on wages earned daily. But in the second year of drought the sight of an Indian village in the grip of famine is a terrible one. Everywhere we see dead and dying cattle. Nothing remains for the starving cows to eat; every leaf, however dry and burnt, has been plucked long ago. The owners of the cattle, starving themselves, can now do nothing. They have only one consolation, and that is that things can hardly be as bad as in the old times, when Hyder Ali and other conquerors destroyed crops wilfully.

As we draw nearer to the village, moreover, we see signs that human beings are also being struck down. A long, thin form approaches, and with difficulty we recognize the figure of a man whom perhaps we once knew, whose strength and straightness had often won our admiration. But how changed is he to-day! His cheeks seem to have no flesh upon them. The skin hangs loose between the bones. In his sunken eyes is a look of terrible suffering. The ribs in his body stand out so plainly that he looks like bones walking. And he shakes and trembles until one wonders how it is that he is able to move at all.

In moving, he does more than most of his fellow-

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villagers. For as we enter the street of huts we see shrunken forms with eyes standing out strangely from the head, men and women and children crouching at their doorways in the hope of being the first to see the rice-cart. Farther in the hut, if we look, we shall see more forms that no longer can sit upright—perhaps that no longer contain a human soul. These starving and miserable and wasted figures that we see at the door are not the worst cases, but often enough the best. The village seems to be in the grip of death.

But as we look round in pity and sorrow we notice, perhaps, a look of hope come suddenly into the eyes of those who are not too weak still to be interested in keeping alive. A report has got out that the Government is sending relief.

And, sure enough, far away may be heard the rumble of bullock-waggons. Presently the first waggon comes in sight, and as it is seen to be laden with rice, the hopes of the starving people are made into a certainty. Yet not many show great joy, for by now few are strong enough to have any feeling.

As quickly as possible the villagers are gathered together by the English officers, and arranged in rows near the cart. Every one has his own pot and a spoon. Then, one by one, these pots are filled, each person being given a full measure of rice. In an extraordinarily short space of time the poor starving people have poured the food down their throats, and are hoping for their next meal. But they know themselves to be saved. Not this year will they die for lack of rice.

In this way is it that the British Government is able to serve the native peoples. The famine is bad enough

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as it is, but without devoted Englishmen to work for the people to supply them with food, the number of deaths would, Sir M. Williams tells us, be very much greater than it is. Perhaps we do not understand how hard these English officers work for the native peoples committed to their care.

One of them may be looking forward to going home. Far away in England are his wife and little children, the latter sent home to be educated, and to escape the terrible Indian sun. He has not seen them for four or five years. The boy who was not much more than a baby when he sailed will be able to talk to his father. The holiday in England has been in that father's thoughts for month after month. But as he looks up and sees that the monsoon is delayed, he realizes that the crops are going to fail. Already he is giving up his hopes of a holiday. The absence of the little cloud in the sky means that famine threatens. He must be in India to help to fight the famine. And so, as cheerfully as he can, he writes home to tell his boys and girls that they must wait another year. Then, with the other men who represent the King-Emperor in different parts of India, he sets to work to organize relief for the villages that in a few weeks will be starving. Rice is bought wherever it can be found, packed aboard ship as fast as it can be, and sent off to Bombay and the Hugli and other great centres. From the ships it is hurried into waiting trains, and borne away as quickly as possible to different places for distribution. At the station carts wait the trains' coming, and bear away loads of the precious rice-grain, until, before long, all villages near the railway centres are relieved. As for the hundreds of

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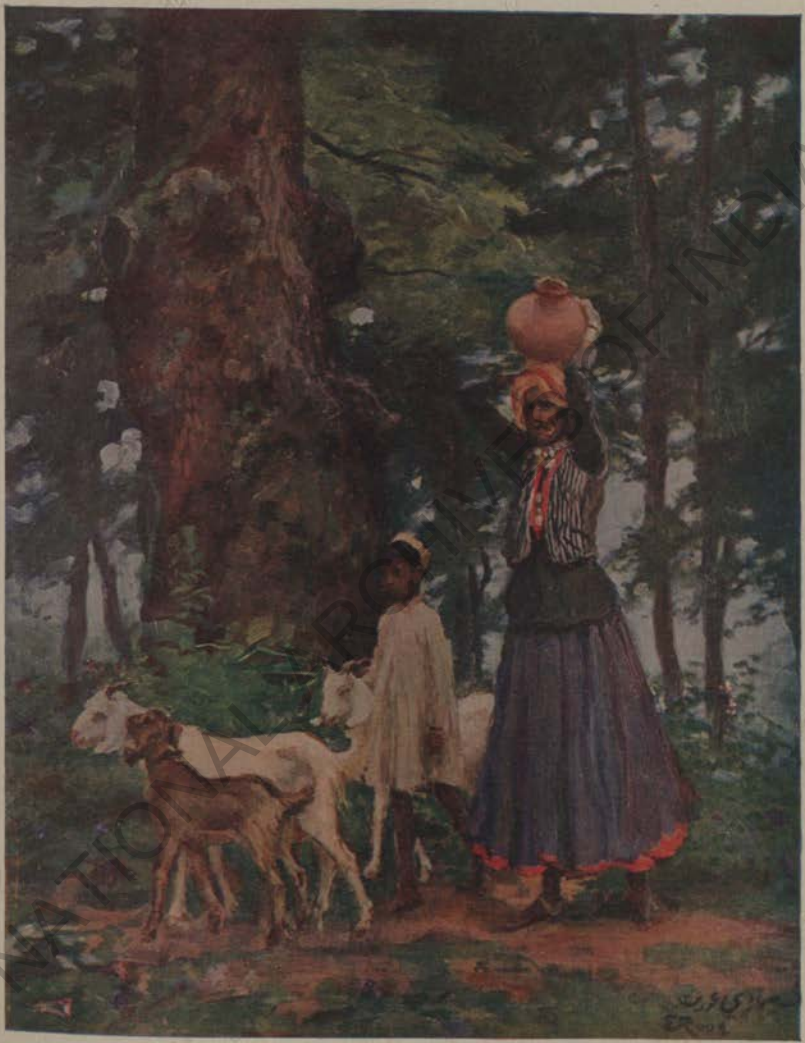

AN INDIAN HILL FAMILY.

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villages which are far away from any station, the officer who governs such a district can only do as best he can. Every cart on which he can lay hands, and every bullock strong enough to take its share in drawing a cart, are seized upon and employed. Over rough roads and mere tracks they make their cumbersome way as fast as it is possible for them to travel, and only when some of the grain has been emptied into each of the villages in his district does the officer feel that he can allow himself a little rest.

In the larger districts where starvation threatens, the officers set up what are called "relief camps." Here people from all the villages round assemble to be fed. Large huts are specially built and used as hospitals for those who have become ill, or who are too old to sit outside among the throngs of folk waiting for their allowance of rice. For nights at a time the English officers hardly know what it is to go to bed. These officers at one time did all kinds of odd work, but we are told that they are now asked to specialize—that is, to devote themselves to particular questions. One will thus become an authority on putting down the plague, while another will know the newest methods of dealing with famine.

The first famine of which there is any real record occurred just over one hundred and forty years ago. It is said that a third of the population died. First a drought had come, and then a great flood which destroyed the crops. Very little was done to help the people in those days by the English. As for the Indian native, as we have said, he never shows any cleverness in trying so to plan things that he may

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escape death by starvation. The Government of India tries to organize relief by collecting rice and other food and giving it to the people. But all the arrangements for giving out this food must be done by English people. If the Hindu were told to do it, he would merely become excited, and chatter a great deal, and do little else. The Englishman has to take in hand the whole arrangement. Often enough in some great district of thousands of inhabitants he is the only member of his race present. Yet he will go on day by day firmly and quietly controlling the people, giving them food, caring for those who are sick, seeing to the burial of those who have died, and arranging for more food to be sent into his district. We cannot save India from famine, but if we were not in her midst she would not only always be at war, but whenever the dreaded famine came she would be utterly helpless, and millions, instead of only thousands, would die.

CHAPTER XXII

THE KOHINOOR AND LESSER JEWELS OF INDIA

MANY of us still remember the day on which the King was crowned. We had been taught that he would not only be called King of Great Britain, but that he would also be styled Emperor of India. The crowning as king would take place in Westminster Abbey, in the place where all our kings, since William I., have been crowned. There His Majesty would receive the crown showing him to be king. All this we

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understood; but perhaps we did not know that this crown was a sign, not only that he was king, but that he was emperor. For in the crown is a precious jewel, the finest diamond in the world, and this diamond came from India. In olden times it was worn by Indian rulers at their own coronations, and so when King George carried it he wore what these rulers, Emperors of India before him, wore in the days of old. This diamond is called the Kohinoor.

The Kohinoor has been known in Indian history for five thousand years. When it was first found, nobody knows, but it is said to have been dug out of one of the mines of Deccan, the famous Golconda. It was worn by a great empress of those early times, and wherever she went she was the subject of wonder and admiration. People flocked after her, and even at that time, when precious stones were everywhere, and were even used to decorate buildings, this Kohinoor diamond struck all with amazement. But this empress was a hard and cruel woman. Her heart was not less hard than the stone she wore. She saw with anger and jealousy that there was growing up a little boy who would some day become emperor. As the days passed she grew to hate him, and at last she resolved to kill him, and one day as he slept she did the terrible deed. As a punishment for this crime the jewel was taken from her and given to an empress named Draupadi, who in her turn presented it to the emperor who succeeded her husband on the throne. This monarch was named Yudhishthira, and he first wore the Kohinoor at his coronation. The years went by, this great emperor died, his son was crowned, and again the

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wonderful diamond was worn. More years passed—ten, twenty, a hundred, a thousand, two thousand, three thousand — and still the Kohinoor was being worn by the family of that emperor of ancient times. These rulers were members of the famous Rajput race. When at last the family ceased to rule India, the stone passed to the great and powerful race of the Moguls, and to Babar, the founder of the race. Other Moguls who wore it were Humayun, Akbar, Shah Jahan. From the Moguls it went on to the Persians, and from them to Ranjit Singh, an emperor of the Punjaub. It was the son of this man who gave it to Queen Victoria. It is now the most magnificent jewel in the world, and though the kings of England have many fine diamonds, none equals the Kohinoor. But it is valuable for other reasons. As long as the King possesses it, so long will the Indians believe that he is their appointed ruler. They are superstitious about this stone as about everything else, and they call it the "Talisman of India." Whoever owns it owns also the right and power to govern the Indian people. But if ever the King should lose it, then the Indians would think that he had lost his power also.

The love of jewels is great in all parts of the East. People have less need to think about clothes than we have here, for the great heat makes a single garment all that is required. But in a country where the sun is always shining, gold and beautiful stones shine and make beautiful the owner who wears them, and so it is the desire of every Indian and, as we shall see, of every Burman, to see his wife and children with gold bracelets upon their arms, rings upon their

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fingers and in their ears, and rings even in their noses. They are indeed so resolved that their families shall wear some such decorations that, Sir Monier Williams tells us, they are sometimes known, if too poor to buy gold, to give their wives bracelets of straw. On the other hand, he has known men who were not thought to be at all rich who have given their wives ornaments so splendid that we should expect to see only on ladies of high rank and of great wealth. One of these men, indeed, one day took Sir Monier into a private room and showed him jewellery worth fifteen hundred pounds. Yet the man was considered poor, and, apart from owning this jewellery, *was* poor.

Indians do not believe in banking their money. "What is money for if we cannot spend it as we wish?" they say. They do not waste what they earn on drink or on pleasures for themselves, unless the man is unhappy enough to be a slave of the horrible habit of taking drugs. Nor does he gamble away his living, and so we cannot greatly blame him if he spends his money in the way he does. For he can always feel that he *has* his jewels, and that if he is called upon for money which he cannot pay, he can always hand over his jewels.

CHAPTER XXIII

KASHMIR

ONE of the most beautiful countries in India is Kashmir. It is not governed by the Viceroy of India, but belongs to the dependent state of Jamu. It is

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a land in the midst of mountains, and those mountains the highest in the world. Englishmen do not know very much about this country, for they are only permitted to visit it after satisfying the Resident who represents Great Britain that their visit is not likely to have any ill-effects, and that they are suitable persons to be allowed to wander through the country. Many people would not care to be troubled with these rules, and would rather go elsewhere. But by doing so they would miss such sights as they will see there, and as they will not see elsewhere in India.

The people of Kashmir are said to look like Jews. Children are married very early, as in the other parts of India, but we shall notice that nearly every boy and girl has marks upon his or her face, showing signs of having suffered from that terrible smallpox which is the commonest of diseases in Kashmir. It is really not surprising that this disease is to be found in this beautiful land, for the women think that it is positively the worst of manners to be clean! Everybody is as dirty as can be, and even if a little girl has a pretty face it is sure to be spoilt by the filth that she is taught to allow on her cheeks.

The women use a black powder to make their eyelids darker than they are naturally, as though they cannot otherwise get sufficiently black and dirty. All the people wear tunics; but the oddest part of their dress they carry under the garment. Kashmir is a place of snows, and so, in the winter, the people want something with which to keep warm. What do they do?

Under their dresses they carry what is called a *kangar*, or fire-basket, in which is burning charcoal. It

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THE MAR CANAL, SRINAGAR.

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is as though they went about with a hot-water bottle tied to their chests! But the effect is not very attractive. A gentleman setting out for a walk in the winter looks as if he had been eating far more than was good for him.

The chief town of Kashmir is called Srinagar. It has also been named the "Venice of the East," though, as we shall see, that name belongs more properly to Bangkok in Siam. Still, Srinagar is a city through the streets of which rivers flow. The people get about these streets in punts, which are rowed by coolies, who use oars with blades like hearts.

The town itself is very dirty, while another unpleasant thing about it to an Englishman is this that, no sooner is he sighted, than he is pursued by traders of all kinds wishful to sell him something. They will even chase a possible customer upon the river, and if they do not own a boat will ride a horse along the bank in the hope of catching the poor man when he disembarks. The Kashmiris are not very honest traders, and they cringe when spoken to at all sternly. In their shops we may buy lacquer and carved wood, silver work and the skins of many strange creatures. Most of the "sahibs" in the town retire in the summer from their houses and go to live in house-boats on the river. But even when there, they are not very comfortable, so terrible are the insects.

Kashmir, though it is a valley, is in its lowest part more than five thousand miles above the sea-level.

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India

CHAPTER XXIV

KING GEORGE IN INDIA: THE DURBAR

On December 6 of last year a great event happened in India. For centuries Delhi was the capital city of the emperors. Since then it has been the scene of the proclamation of Queen Victoria as Empress of India and of King Edward as Emperor. As we have said, when these events took place, there was a great assembly of princes and people, a wonderful display of gold and jewels, a massing of elephants, a flash of many colours, a dream of Eastern wonder, a noise of strange cheers.

But the Indian who came to make one in the crowd in those great days of the past missed one thing. He saw viceroys, famous men from England, he saw even British princes who had come to represent the British Sovereign and the Emperor of India. But he did not see the Queen-Empress herself or the King-Emperor. When King Edward was Prince of Wales he had visited India, and some who greeted his brother, the Duke of Connaught, at the Durbar of 1903 could remember having seen the prince. What no one had ever been able to do was to acclaim his emperor.

But on December 6 of last year the Indian people at last had their desire, for, on that day, King George, amid a great sound of welcome, entered the city.

Let us imagine what were the feelings of some little Indian boy on hearing of the coming of the Emperor of whom he had been told so much. How early he rose that morning, and how quickly he ran to the railway-

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A GROUP OF INDIAN SOLDIERS.

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station! When he had waited some time, the Viceroy of India, who stands for the King-Emperor, arrived with a number of other important folk to receive King George. It seemed as if the train would *not* come, and the boy began to wonder if the King had forgotten all about the Durbar. Not that the train was really late. It was only to the boy that it seemed so. At last, however, far away in the trees which hid the track from view a sudden puff of smoke appeared. The boy got ready to cheer, and stared with all his eyes to see the train round the corner. But as he watched he saw only an engine. There was nothing behind it! His face fell. Would the King, the great Emperor, travel like that? His face fell still more when he heard that the King was not travelling on the engine. However, when the people told him that the engine was only what is called a "pilot engine"—that is, one which goes in front to see that all is safe—his feelings rose quickly, and he was quite ready to cheer as loudly as anyone when, a minute later, the great royal train swung in sight, and when in another minute the King was seen leaving his carriage. And after a short space of time the procession started for the Delhi Camp, where the Durbar was to be held.

The point where greatest interest was shown was the Delhi Gate, and here the boy had hurried with thousands of others, including many girls, carrying flags. Here were thousands who had come to see their monarch enter, and who were now to look upon him. And presently, through the gate, appeared a herald with trumpeters. Instantly the notes of the trumpets rolled and echoed under the great stone gateway. The people held their breath. They knew that the next figure to

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come into sight through the gateway would be their ruler himself, and now a person appeared wearing the Order of the Star of India upon his coat, and riding a great black steed, a horse of the famous breed of Mysore—an Indian horse fit to carry an Indian emperor. It was the King-Emperor George V. of Great Britain! With what cries of delight and welcome the people recognized him! Some were so overcome by the wonder of the moment that they could not utter a sound. They could only look and continue to look. Following the King-Emperor came the Viceroy and the Queen-Empress, while last of all, though not least splendid, moved the great and powerful native princes in their silks and flashing jewels.

And what did the King-Emperor himself see? Everywhere such wonderful colours as only Indians could display. Here were flags, there portaits of the Emperor of India and of his Empress. But more magnificent than these decorations were the dresses of the people who looked on, or the shawls and cloths which they hung from their houses. From many windows flew great pieces of cloth of gold which caught up the sun's rays and threw back a splendour too dazzling to be looked upon. Boys and men climbed to every point possible. From roofs and walls, at risk of neck and limb, they hung to see their sovereign, and, in spite of the fact that they really needed hands to keep safely in the hard-won position, one hand at least was released to wave some bit of coloured cloth. Cheer after cheer echoed among the ancient, splendid roofs.

The procession passed up to the Jumma Musjid, and after going round that mosque came at length to the

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most splendidly decorated street in the city, a street said to be the richest in the world—the Chandni Chowk. This street is full of the shops of the jewellers.

Then came the presentation of a welcome from the Legislative Council, and after that a return to the camp.

A great day in Indian history had passed. But still greater things were to come, for, on the Tuesday following, on the great plain outside Delhi, in the midst of a vast city of tents, King George held his splendid Durbar, and received the homage of his Indian people.

The sun shone overhead, the sky was blue, as, perhaps, it can only be in the East, and India seemed to be gathered on the plain. From the earliest hour men and women, boys and girls, crowded out of the city, and towards the place of the Durbar, and the sight that first met all eyes was a golden crowned canopy rising from the plain's centre. All knew for what that canopy stood. Under it would soon sit the Emperor of India, and before it and around would stand the princes and the governors, and the great men of state who represented the Emperor in his Indian domain. Soon princes, splendidly dressed in their gold cloth and purples and jewels, began to arrive, each seeming more magnificent than the one before him. Bronzed English rulers of provinces also came to take their places, and then, when the plain seemed to have grown to be a place of faces and jewels and silks, the noise of trumpets told that the Emperor himself was on the way. The King-Emperor and his Queen-Empress drove slowly through the excited crowds of cheering Indians, with whom, mixed here and there, was an English or American

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visitor. The splendour of the Emperor's dress well fitted this day of his triumph. He wore a wonderful purple robe, and a cloak also of purple, white satin breeches and silk stockings, and the splendid collars of the Orders of the Garter and of the Star of India, as well as the great "star" design which is part of the famous Indian Order. On his head was a new crown of great grandeur. It was packed with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and brilliants. In the central cluster was an Indian emerald of great size and weight, and the whole crown contained no less than six thousand one hundred and seventy diamonds. The Queen wore white satin robes embroidered with the Star of India. When the King came at last to the golden-domed pavilion he stopped. Then, as the whole plain roared out its welcome, Emperor and Empress stepped slowly upwards and sat upon their thrones. Immediately afterwards the Emperor gave command to open the Durbar, and with a sounding of trumpets and beating of drums the ceremony began. The King-Emperor rose to his feet and began his speech to his people.

"By my presence with the Queen-Empress," he said, "I am anxious to show our affection for the loyal princes and faithful people of India." Great cheers followed, and then the governors and native princes began to pay their homage.

First came the governor-general, and after him there followed the Nizam of Hyderabad, a young Indian prince who claims to be the chief native prince under the Emperor. Other great native rulers followed, and then came the princes of the native states of Rajputana. Following these there stepped up the princes of Central

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India, and among these was the Begum of Bhopal, the only woman ruler in the King-Emperor's dominions. A special cheer welcomed her act of homage. When the princes had passed, the judges appeared, and when all had at last been received the Emperor rose and stood before his people. A new great cheer rolled across the plain, and yet the people were not content to turn and go home. There was still something to come. A hint that the "boon" which Indian emperors on their day of coronation have always given to their people was not to be denied them this time had been given in the King-Emperor's speech. The mind of every Indian was turning over the idea of the boon. What would it be? Or would there be no boon after all? Or no boon worth offering? But now the King was calling on his governor-general, and the governor-general was stepping forward, paper in hand.

A hush fell on the thousands of Indians present. The viceroy's voice could be heard over the plain telling the people that a great gift of money was to be theirs for education, that half a month's pay was to be given to all soldiers and sailors and Indian civil servants, and that many debtors were to be released and their debts paid. The people heard, the people cheered, and yet perhaps there was a little disappointment. Their boons were none of them quite what was expected. But the viceroy was retiring. Suddenly, however, the King-Emperor stepped forward again, and over the people fell a great silence. And then the Emperor spoke. There were two more boons. Delhi, where they stood that day, was no longer to be a place merely for shows of Empire, it was to be the centre of govern-

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ment, the seat of the viceroy, and was to take the place of Calcutta. Here at last was a boon that filled the people with delight; but the King-Emperor had not sat down, and now he spoke again. Bengal, which had been divided by Lord Curzon into two parts amid the strong objections of the native peoples, was to be reunited. Now the people were content. Now the great boons they had hoped for had been given. Louder than ever rose the cheers, and as the Emperor drove slowly back to his camp, those among the British governors who looked on, and who, after years of study, had learnt to understand the Indian people, and to know their ways of showing pleasure, must have seen that, in their hearts and minds, their Emperor had now a great place as the giver of vast boons.

And thus finished the great Durbar of 1911, the first at which a British Emperor of India met his people in their own ancient city and in their own ancient way.

CHAPTER XXV

CHANGES AND IMPROVEMENTS IN INDIA

EIGHTY-ONE years ago there was great excitement in the town of Liverpool. Thousands of people crowded round a large building, and cheered, and waved flags, and talked excitedly about a wonderful thing which they expected to see. Such a sight had never before been witnessed. Since the world began man had not been able to move over the ground save by his own effort or with the help of a horse. But that day these

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people were going to see men borne in carriages not drawn by horses, but by a new strange thing of machinery, that puffed out smoke, and roared, and whistled, and was called by the man who made it the "Rocket" locomotive. When at last this strange engine was seen coming out of the building and beginning to move easily over the rails laid under its wheels, the people's eyes grew round with surprise, and then they cheered and cheered again. They had seen the beginning of a new wonder. If many doubted its real usefulness, others had some idea of the changes it might bring to England. A few wise men only, perhaps, saw that this engine would make a new England, that it would join village to village and town to town, carry goods, and increase trade.

But that day men thought only of England. They were naturally too excited to think of anything else. Few, if any, remembered a great country thousands of miles away, which would have cause to rejoice because of railways, which would see in the locomotive engine not only the bearer of friends and goods, but of life itself. Not even the inventor of the engine, George Stephenson, thought that day that he was not only helping England, but England's great dependency, India.

While the people of India cling to their old customs, and caste is as powerful as ever it was, India has, in some things, begun new ways. Half a century ago it was very difficult to get from one great city to another. Often the roads were merely tracks leading through jungles. These paths were so rough that to travel by bullock-waggon was to make certain of being shaken

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almost to death. The time taken, too, was also very great. A journey of a few miles would occupy many hours, while a journey which would be no longer than one in this country between London and Edinburgh would take weeks of toiling onwards through the forests and jungles, the traveller never knowing when some savage creature would spring out or a wild elephant would charge. Those were days of weariness and peril to him, and only if he was a very bold man could he travel alone, so dangerous and so rough was the way. India had no roads such as we had in this country long before railways came.

But in the years that have passed since Queen Victoria took over the government of India from the old East India Company, there have been great improvements. There are now better roads. But, more important than this, there are now good railways. Trains run over the ways where for thousands of years only a bullock-waggon or a procession of elephants passed. A journey which took Englishmen a month now is done in less than half a day. Indian train-travel is either very comfortable or very uncomfortable. The first Indian railway was built twenty-eight years after the run of Stephenson's famous "Rocket" locomotive from Liverpool to Manchester. But not much was done until after the Mutiny. In 1858 and 1859, however, many schemes for railways were planned, and the Indian workman was able to ask a higher price for his services than he had ever known before. One of the pioneers of Indian railways was the well-known engineer, Mr. Thomas Brassey. He began by making a line in Eastern Bengal, and then carried on other railway works. Making rail-

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A FRUIT STALL, DELHI.

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ways is a very expensive business, and this particular track cost one hundred and fourteen thousand pounds per mile.

It was hoped that the line would have a great effect on the education of the Indian people by enabling them to travel from one city to another. Those who planned it said to themselves that soon it would be possible for clever boys and young men to leave their villages and journey to some city where there was a university. As the knowledge of the young men grew they would give up many of their ignorant and superstitious beliefs, and "caste" would at last be destroyed. Only partly have these hopes been realized, but the Indian, nevertheless, has taken to the railways. The people will, in fact, assemble in scores on a station platform hours before the train is due, and sit, chattering happily or sleeping in comfort throughout the hours of waiting. Often they will come to the station the night before.

And when at last the train comes into the station the Indian, and his friends and relations, and the relations of his friends, will crowd into the carriages, and, if possible, they will all get into the same carriage. The people take a simple delight in trains, and they use them for many purposes. In the old days it took them months to reach a place of pilgrimage such as Benares. But, with railways running, what is easier than to buy a ticket and travel that way?

But the railway does not only carry the Hindu from city to city; it also does him a very great service of another kind, for by its means food can be carried to him in his distant village. Think what this means at a time of famine. Bullock-waggons are slow at the best

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of times, and can carry but little food. The railway engine, on the other hand, can draw a dozen, or two dozen, large trucks, each far bigger than a waggon, and each full of grain or rice. Where in past times people had to starve to death, there is always hope that the train will bring food and life. When at last the long relief train is signalled, and the starving folk see the first puff of smoke in the distance, how their hearts throb with joy!

India, perhaps, owes more to railways than does any other Eastern country. But while railways are useful to her, so is the telegraph, for when a district is in the terrible grip of famine, the English governor or magistrate will send off a message by telegraph to headquarters, and say that food must be sent at once. In the days before the use of electricity was understood the quickest method of sending a message was by runner. But even the fastest runner or rider would have to take whole days and weeks to carry his letter from one end of a province to another. To-day the same message can be sent in the time it takes to write it down. Many thousands of starving people have been saved from death by the quick-speaking telegraph.

All the great engineering works which are carried on in India aim, first of all, at helping the people when they are in distress. It is with this object that great engineers have planned canals in every place where there was not sufficient water. One method which these engineers follow is, first of all, to examine a great river, and then to find the best point upon one of its banks from which to dig a canal. The canal is then begun, and it is carried right away from the river through parts of

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the country where before no rivers were seen. Farmers who before had despaired of water, save when rain came, now have at their doors a constant supply. If England had done nothing else for India but make these canals for her, she would have rendered a great service. By these vast waterways thousands of acres of grain and rice have been saved from destruction by drought. If in past times we treated India with great cruelty and slaughtered her peoples, we are trying to help her to-day, and are keeping millions alive who would otherwise have been killed by famine.

We are helping India, too, by taking care that the laws we make for the people's happiness are kept, and by punishing those who break these laws. Again, we are helping India by judging between people when two of them dispute the ownership of a piece of land or the amount of money which is owing by one to the other. The judges who go about the country representing the British Raj, or Emperor, are treated with the greatest respect by the people, who soon get to feel confidence in their decisions. They remember that in the days when their native emperors ruled them things were very different. And even if sometimes some of the young men grumble and talk wildly, the people as a whole are grateful to the British. Moreover, the people of India themselves are now awakening quickly, as are some of the other Eastern nations. Japan, and even China, are on the lookout for new ideas, and when they get any, try to put them into action in the management of their affairs. The people of India, however, depend on the British to improve their schools for them, and to do everything else which may raise them

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out of their ignorance. One reason for this is the great heat, which makes even the man born in the country languid. In hot lands men are never so hard-working as in cold ones. But it is not that only. The chief enemy of the improvement of the condition of the people is, once again, the great system of caste, which says that the old ways are the only ways worth following. "What does it matter to me that I cannot read and write if I know exactly what I must do to keep the laws of caste, and so keep myself pure?" is what the Hindu says to himself. And so he shows no longing for improvement such as the Japanese young man shows. He is content to do nothing, and so Great Britain must help him. That is one reason why we ought to remain in India.

CHAPTER XXVI

INDIA, FAREWELL!

We have said something about India. We have told of her religions and the temples wherein these are practised, of her cities and their shining roofs and glittering minarets, of the wonderful jewelled audience-chambers of long-dead emperors and the unchanging mystery of her sacred places. We have studied the caste system, with all its terrible cruelties, and have listened to the murmur of the Ganges, whose sound is music in the Hindu's ear. We have scanned the sky for the first show of the coming showers, and the earth for the first sign of the shooting grain. And

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all the time perhaps we have felt that there was something still in India which we have not understood, some mystery lurking in her stones, in the eyes of her Brahmins, in the river flowing by, that we shall never understand. For none shall ever know India perfectly. Always she has been, always she will be, a land of mystery. When Britons ran wild and naked and smeared with woad through their unknown forests, India was a land of emperors and government and great and beautiful cities. The mystery of those times is in her face to-day. We cannot know her thought. She clings to the past, to her old ways. Her teachings are old and ignorant and cruel, yet she holds to them with strong, strong grip.

Do not let us then say—now that we have read about India—that we know all about India. We know very little. If India is so hard to understand, why are we, as a nation, in India? If she clings to her old ways, why do we govern her with new ways, give her our laws, above all, take to her our religion? We govern India because India cannot govern herself. If we left her, every state would rise up against every other state, and boys and girls, men and women, would be dead on every roadside. We gained power in India by many evil and unfair practices; but now that we are there we must give her that just government which she cannot give herself. We take her our own religion because we know it is the best. And even India believes this, though she does not know that she believes it. For our way of government by just laws is the result of our Christian religion. It is this religion really which gives the millions of Indian

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farmers the quietness and peace and sense of safety to sow and reap which their forefathers never knew.

When those of us who are young are older, we shall come to know a little more about India. Perhaps some of us will even visit the vast country, see with our own eyes her rivers and shining cities. But even then we shall learn only a little more than we knew before. Africa we shall know, and America we shall know, but India we shall never know.

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BURMA

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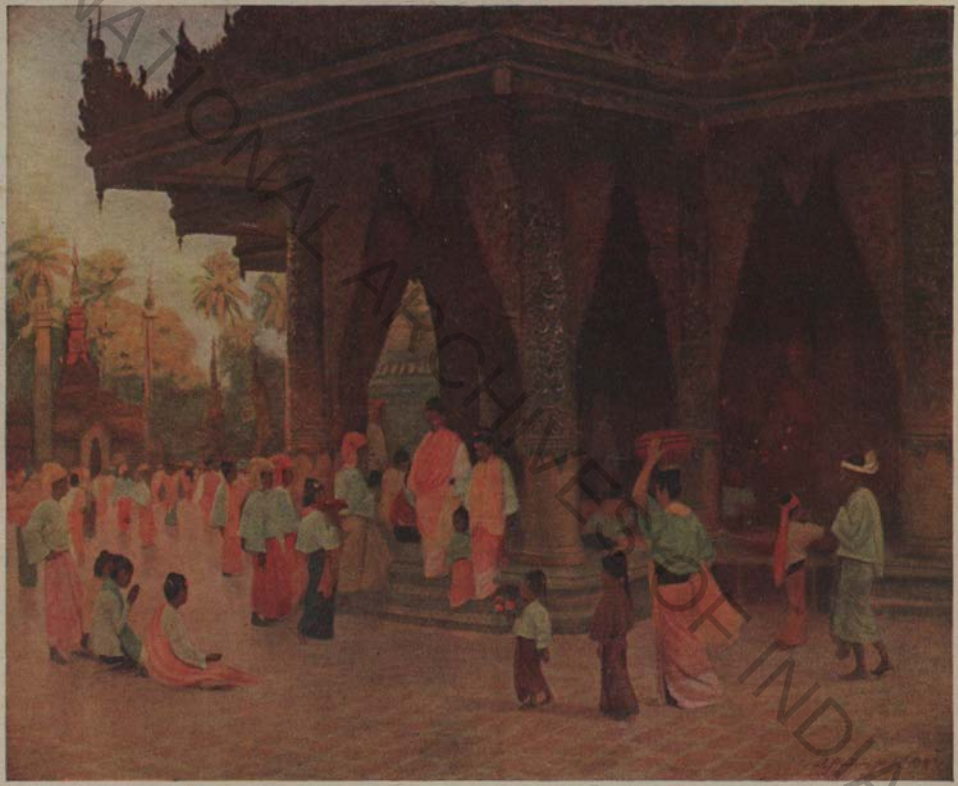

WORSHIPPERS AT A SHRINE OF GAUTAMA.

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CHAPTER I

THE LAND AND ITS LANGUAGE

If we look at the map of Burma, we shall see that it has on its north side the great lands of China and Assam, while on its south side it has Siam. To the south-west is the Bay of Bengal and India.

There are two Burmas—Upper and Lower—and both are now ruled by the Government of India, though it is possible that before long the two divisions will be united under a governor of Burma. In one part of Burma are the Shan States, which have rulers of their own. These chiefs, like the princes of India, call the Viceroy of India their chief ruler, and King George their Emperor. These native chieftains are very useful to the British Government, as they are able to influence the wild men who live in the mountains near them, and to persuade these people to obey the laws of the government of India, and to keep from quarrelling and fighting.

Burma is a land of mists. These often so cover the land that a traveller is quite confused, and loses all idea of how far he has travelled or of where he is. As he looks before him he thinks he is much farther from any object which he sees than he really is. And he is particularly troubled in this way wherever the land is green with plants and trees, for the mists gather more closely wherever something is growing.

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Burma

The language of Burma is a very difficult one. But worse than this, it is a language which few but the Burmese know ; so it is not easy for them to speak to the people of other and neighbouring lands who may visit Burma to trade. The language is that which was used by the people who came from the north and Tibet. It is very difficult for an Englishman to understand the method of the language, as the words of a sentence are put in quite a different order from that which he would expect.

Suppose we were referring to " the horse ridden by him." If we were to translate this into Burmese the sentence would read, " Him by ridden, horse the in." Again, a word may mean several different things. A great deal thus depends on pronunciation. There are no less than forty-four letters in the Burmese alphabet, so that even in beginning a schoolboy has more to do than a beginner who learns the English alphabet. Another difficulty of the Burmese tongue is that, while one word may mean many things, a great many words have almost the same meaning the one as the other. For in Burmese the word for a particular kind of action depends on to what that action is related. For instance, we speak of washing clothes and of washing hands. We use the word " wash " in both cases. In Burmese, however, a different word must be used to express the idea of washing clothes from that which is employed to denote the washing of hands. As there is a different word for each other kind of washing, and for every different kind of every sort of action, we can understand how hard the language is.

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CHAPTER II

THE CAPITALS

THE chief cities of Burma are Rangoon and Mandalay. Rangoon, the capital of Lower Burma, and the largest town in the country, reminds English people of Indian rather than Burmese life. The dock labourers are mostly Indian coolies, while so are the *gharry ticca wallahs*, or cabdrivers. Hindus and Tamils of Southern India, men of Madras and Ceylon, are everywhere—in the streets, in the bazaars, on the river. Everywhere, too, are the Chinese, who own the best shops. Even the policemen belong to the fine Indian race of Sikhs, while all the messengers employed by the Government are Indians.

And yet Rangoon is in Burma, and is the capital city of the Lower province! The fact is, the Burmese people live in their own quarter, and, as this is not near to the landing-place, it takes English visitors some days to find out the heart of the town, where the native Burmans have their homes.

In their own districts we may get a good idea of the dress of the people. The men wear their hair hanging down the back, and we might almost think, if we approached a man from behind, that a lady was walking before us. The gentleman dresses himself in a turban of fine silk, a white jacket, and a silk shirt, the favourite colour of which is pink. These shirts are of great importance to a Burman, and are of two kinds. One is a single sacklike garment,

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and this is called a *lungyi*. It is carried in a curious way, being twisted into a knot at the waist. The *lungyi* is worn by all Burmans of whatever age. But there is another garment which is much more splendid. In shape it is not unlike the *lungyi*, only it is very much longer. The wearer bunches it up round his waist, and even wears part of it upon his head, or, if the weather is cold, round his neck. This garment is called a *petsoe*, and it is never seen on a male person until he has passed the boyish period.

On his feet are boots or shoes, and nowadays he prefers to wear those of an English pattern. Besides these clothes, a Burman will not willingly go out without some kind of a cheap umbrella made of coloured stuff.

Rangoon has many sights worth seeing. It is well laid out and has pretty gardens in the middle of the town. The streets are all built on a plan, and lead up from the river, while trees are everywhere. Lately the town council has built a market. It was thought that the natives would not like this, and would say that they preferred their bazaars. But when they saw the market they were delighted, and use it now as much as they can.

Behind Rangoon are the homes of the English traders and government officials, built in the midst of lovely gardens. But wherever we go in the city we see one building rising above all. It glows in the sun like gold, and indeed it *is* gold.

It is the Shwe Dagon Pagoda.

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The Most Famous Pagoda in the World

CHAPTER III

THE MOST FAMOUS PAGODA IN THE WORLD

THE most beautiful sight in all Burma, perhaps in all the golden East, is the famous building, the Shwe Dagon Pagoda. The name is pronounced "Shway Dagonè." Travellers never weary of telling of its beauty, and cannot find words to make us feel what *they* feel at the sight of it. It is a great golden building, perfectly round, and rising as it grows narrower. Above is a great sphere, all gold, and shining and brilliant in the sunshine. The very name means "the golden," and every time the pagoda has been rebuilt—and it has been rebuilt seven times—gold to the value of ten thousand pounds has been used. The form of the building, as we have said, is not unlike that of a great bell turned upside down, with the handle standing straight up into the sky. An English poet has called it "a pyramid of fire." As we draw nearer, we see that the roof is covered with iron, over which gold and precious stones have been laid. The magnificent jewels catch the sunlight and burn like a flame. Fastened to the roof are also beautiful-sounding bells, whose tinkle is heard whenever a breeze blows. Around the pagoda rise steps, which are well worn with the feet of thousands upon thousands of pilgrims who have come here to worship in times past. Upon these steps and upon the platform above are bazaars filled with eager traders and beautifully dressed Burmese men and women.

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If we look at the carvings over the doors we see that they have faces. They are supposed to be the shapes of nats, the spirits or fairies whom the Burmese believe to be everywhere. Beside the doors are also figures of lions. Lions are seen at the doors of all temples in Burma, and the reason for this a Burman will explain in this way : Hundreds of years ago there was a king's daughter who was very beautiful. One day the nats resolved to carry her away, and were about to do so, stealing out of their cover, when a lioness sprang to the princess's rescue and frightened the nats away. To show how they remember this lioness's bravery, the Burmese put figures of lions wherever they build pagodas. No nat will then dare to come into the building. One lion is always shown with a flat tongue, and the other a sharp one. The Burmese think it rather a good joke thus to give their lions tongues.

Not only lions, however, but tigers, have an interest for the people who attend the pagoda. There is an old story sometimes told of how one day a tiger wandered into a Rangoon pagoda. At sight of him the people set up shrieks of terror, and ran wildly down the steps. After them, as fast as they could go, came the monks. And the tiger turned round and followed. But one man, less frightened than the rest, faced the terrible beast and killed it. With a sigh of relief the people came slowly back. They rejoiced loudly, and for a few hours the man was a hero. But not for longer. For soon the priests began to bemoan the killing of the tiger. It was a spirit which had brought them good-fortune, they said. It was a nat! And instead of welcoming it, the priests went on, they had killed it, though

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Buddha had long ago forbidden the taking of life. And so the poor man who had only tried to rescue his friends was for ever disgraced.

The people may be seen in crowds round the pagoda, some walking and chatting, others kneeling below a shrine in which is placed the figure of a Buddha, before which candles burn. Little boys and girls are seen kneeling in many places, each repeating words which, as yet, they cannot understand. The smell of incense rises to our nostrils, for before the shrine burn little incense-sticks, or, as they call them in China, "joss-sticks." But the most interesting sight we shall find within. This is the great bell, which weighs no less than forty tons. Yet this is not the biggest bell in Burma. There is one in another pagoda which weighs eighty tons.

These bells give great pleasure to the Burmese. But the boys like, even more than to hear the bells, to see them made. A great deal of work is necessary before a bell is turned out ready for use. First of all a pit is made of brick and mud. The pit is so shaped that when the metal is poured in it can only take one shape, and that the shape of the bell. The pit, when it is made in this shape, is called the mould. The next thing to do is to melt the metal. But in order that it can be poured at once into the mould, it must be melted on the spot. To do this the Burmese make four furnaces of brick and mud around the mould. Then the furnaces are filled up with fuel. Beside these, the people now begin to heap up old pots, bundles of copper, and other metals to make the bell. Sometimes women throw into the heap precious ornaments, such as

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gold bangles and chains and brooches. Finally, when all is ready, the fires are lighted. To keep them at the highest possible heat, great fans are so worked as to make a draught, while pipes are run underground to carry air to the lower part of the fire. Soon the four great furnaces are roaring away, and the metal is boiling like water. Then it is poured into the mould, and when the fires are out, and it has had time to cool, we see that it is in the shape of a bell. Then the tongue is put into it, and at last, when the bell is raised and the tongue moved, we hear its voice, and think how wonderful it is that out of that heap of old pots and copper and odds and ends of metal, so beautiful a sound should come.

Of one of the bells of Rangoon there used to be a story that, ninety years ago, when the British attacked the Burmese, the soldiers stole one of these bells—a thing they had no right to do. But as they carried it off to one of their ships it fell into the river, and nothing they could do would raise it. So the Burmese saw a possibility of getting it again. They therefore asked the British whether, if some clever Burman could find a way of raising the bell, it should remain in Rangoon. The British officer, thinking that he himself could not get it again, agreed. Thereupon the Burmese went down to the water-side, got into a ship, and sailed to a point right over the bell. Then, when the tide was at its lowest, they fastened the bell by a cable to the ship. The tide rose, and, as it rose, it lifted the ship, and with the ship the bell, and so the people, with a cry of triumph, slowly swung the precious bell ashore.

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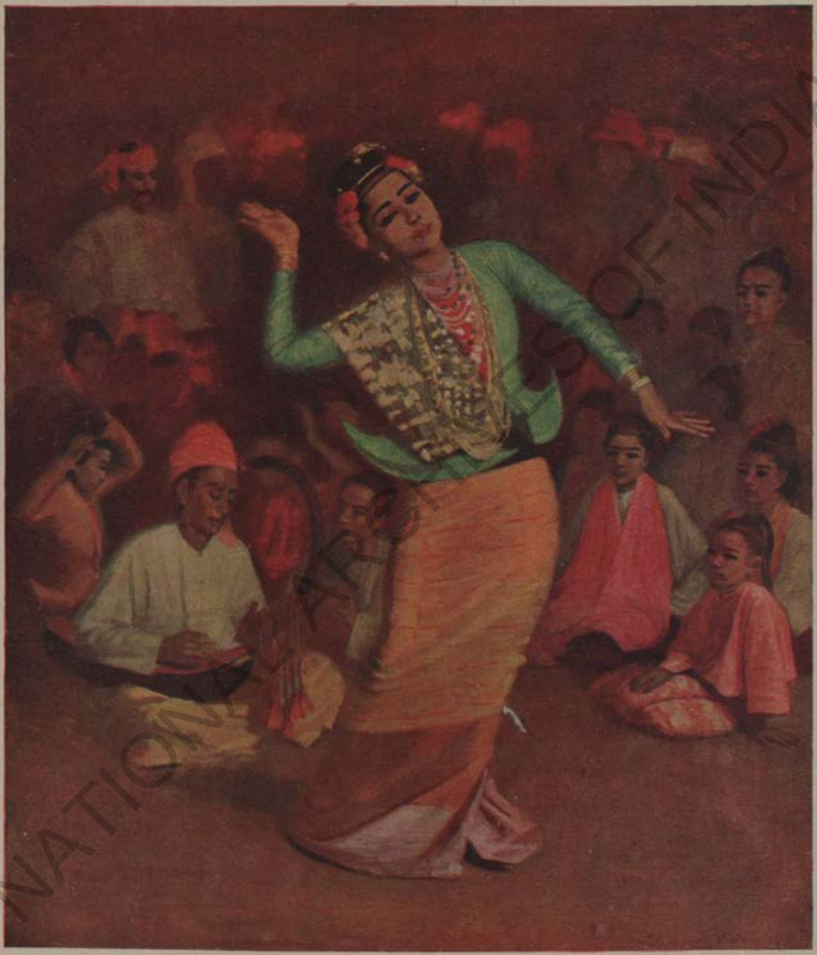

A BURMESE DANCING GIRL.

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CHAPTER IV

SHOPS AND BAZAARS

BURMESE streets are lively and full of colour, as are all streets in the East. In the early morning there is a great bustle, for then the folks from the farms and the country begin to come into the market. This market is a wonderful place, and the boys are never tired of wandering up and down getting in the way of the sellers, or looking up into the faces of the strange white people whom they are told are called the English. The market-place is an open one, which means that it can be spread out much more widely than if it was held in a building. Under the blue sky and shining sun it looks very bright. The silks of the people are of all colours, but even more wonderful are the beautiful glowing tints of the fruit which is offered for sale. But the boys and girls are not looking at the fruit so much as at the cakes made of flour, and stuffed with sugar and spice, which they see laid out to tempt them to buy. Alas! they have nothing which they can offer for the delicious-looking food unless their father or mother takes pity on them and gives them something. Then what a feast they have! for these cakes are not dear. If *we* saw them, we might not want to buy them, even if they were very cheap indeed, but the Burmese boy thinks them the finest cakes which money can buy.

If, however, he cannot get cakes, he will go off with his parents to look at the food-stalls. For all kinds of provisions are being offered for sale. Food can be

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bought even while it is being cooked. Here burns a little charcoal fire, while on it is being cooked in the most tempting way some of the finest rice-cakes that were ever seen. We may be sure that, if the boy can possibly do so, he will persuade his mother to buy. Near the rice-cakes is another fire on which sausages are being cooked, or beef. The beef is cut in strips, and then stuck on the ends of skewers made of bamboo. But we can buy our beef ready cooked, and we can see the cooking done.

We can also see rice cooked. The Burmese have a very simple and yet clever way of doing this. They first get a bamboo, and then fill it with grains of rice. When this has been done, the ends are fastened up, and the bamboo is put on the fire. Care has to be taken that the bamboo is fresh and green and damp, or it would burn away at once. As it is, it takes a long time to dry, and only when it is dry does it begin to burn. But when the cooker sees that the stick is burning, he pulls it out quickly, takes off the top, and empties out the rice, which is now cooked to a turn. Another dish would seem to us a horrid one. This is made of ants! The ants collect on flowers, and when there are enough insects on them, the flowers are plucked, and then, with the ants still upon them, they are put into salt and water, and used to give a taste to curry or some other favourite Eastern dish. We can imagine that they *do* give a taste! We are less surprised at the Burmese for using this flavouring also as a medicine, for nobody expects a medicine to be pleasant.

Still going farther, and perhaps still looking for something which we would really like to eat, we come

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at last to an old Burmese woman crouching on the ground, and selling something which looks like gravy. This stuff seems to be considered one of the most tasty dishes for sale in the whole fair, and not only is this the idea of the men and women, and boys and girls. For when the keeper of the stall is not looking, a pony wanders up, and, seeing the gravy, and feeling hungry, begins to eat and enjoy himself. Presently the old woman turns her head, and sees what is going on. But she is not angry. She merely sends the pony off, and a customer who has seen what has happened, coming up, is quite content to eat the gravy after the pony has put its mouth into the pot.

One thing we will notice in the food-selling part of the market, and that is, that whenever we see a butcher, he is not a Burman, but an Indian. This is because the Burmese are not allowed to kill anything which has life in it. To do so is to break one of the most important laws of their religion. The meat does not look inviting, being covered with flies, and often having a disagreeable smell through being placed in the sun for so long a time. But not far away we shall find much more inviting food, and perhaps shall be able at last to get something to eat. For here we see bananas, pine-apples, and vegetables of many kinds, all of them much larger and more delicious than we can expect to get at home. They are also very cheap. Near them a man is offering us the juice of the betel-nut, which, if we ask him the use of, he will tell us that besides being a very good medicine, it is most useful for staining one's fingers in the Burmese style, and that it greatly increases one's beauty.

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In Burmese market-places and shops we notice that the people, like those of China and even Japan, often prefer cheap and common articles made in Europe to their own beautiful work. A Burmese lady will give quite a lot of money in order to buy a looking-glass which we would say was a very ugly one, and for which, if we saw it in one of our shops, we would not give more than a few pence. But the Burmese, while they can carve and make pottery and silks, have not the means to make these cheap articles, which are only made in great factories in England or Germany. So they think that such things are very wonderful, and buy them eagerly. We are told that they particularly like a looking-glass which is so made that when a man looks into it he sees his face twisted into an odd shape, or made very long or very fat.

In another spot we see pots and pans, such as the people use, offered for sale, and also enormous baskets. These are made of a grey-green twig, and have beautiful designs worked upon them. Finally, in a far corner, are the farmers' carts, waiting until the owners are ready to return. The carts are much welcomed by one section, and that is the men who do not want to do any work at all, for under the cart's body they can find a shady place in which to sleep, undisturbed by the heat of the sun or the chatter of the market-folk.

Long before evening the carts are got out, and the farmers set off, for those who live within a half-day's journey wish to reach their village before the gates are closed for the night. The others, who may have to sleep in the jungle, drive away with eyes and ears

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always on the watch, and, when the night at last falls, they light great fires, not only to keep them warm in the cold weather, but to keep away the tigers who are always roaming the jungle.

In some cities we shall find the most wonderful place for bargaining is the bazaar. It is an odd-looking place, and has been described as being like a row of stalls or open shop-fronts. Everything is in a litter around the entrance. Sacks, empty crates, broken boxes, and heaps of rubbish and dirt are flung together until they make the market within look quite uninviting. Yet we shall not be sorry if we enter the great barnlike building, even if we do not care very much for the smell that will certainly fill our nostrils. We shall have to push our way, even though the Burmese do not press against us in the rude way that some Eastern people do. There are so many people in the place that it is impossible to avoid jostling and being jostled. However, there is plenty of air, although little light. The bazaar is divided up into lines of traders, each kind of merchandise being kept in one section. For instance, here are the silk-sellers, and silk-sellers are, of all, the 'cutest tradesmen in Burma. They love bargaining for the sake of bargaining. It is no pleasure to them to deal with an ignorant customer whom, if they wished, they could easily deceive. They like someone who understands their ways of doing business.

The silk-traders know how to make their goods look their very best by placing a particular shade near another shade which agrees with it. People who did not admire the stuff as it lay in a corner by itself

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become anxious to buy when they see it displayed beside other silks. These silk-merchants offer, not only Burmese silks, but rare stuffs from China, Japan, and other distant places. One of the finest garments which they will show us is a dressing-gown with butterflies worked upon it, and each butterfly is different from all the others.

When we leave the silk-sellers we come to the grain-sellers. Most of these dealers are girls, and we shall probably see a little girl seated on a grain-sack, and on the lookout for customers. Besides grain, this girl will sell us tele, a little seed which, when crushed, produces oil, or the bark of the tree from which face-paste is made. In other alleys we shall be able to buy fish and vegetables. The water-melon which Indians and Burmese love so much is certain to be on sale, as well as great horse-radishes and apples.

CHAPTER V

THE IRRAWADDY AND ITS WELLS, AND MANDALAY

The chief river of Burma is the Irrawaddy, and a very interesting journey may be taken by sailing up it in one of the river barges. These barges are very large vessels with two decks. Below, cargo is carried; above, the deck is made into a bazaar. Imagine a ship with shops on board! Yet this is what we find on these river steamers. The sellers have their regular stalls on the barge and travel right up the river.

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Whenever a port is reached, they do a roaring trade with the people on the bank. The right to sell on board is naturally very much prized, and Mr. Talbot Kelly tells us that this right is often handed on from father to son.

One of the sights of the river are the petroleum wells. These are situated at a place called by the long name of Ye-nang-gyaung. There are no less than three hundred of these wells all close together. Shafts are sunk to a depth of from two hundred and ten to two hundred and forty feet, though a few are three hundred feet deep. The oil is brought up in buckets, and looks very thin. About sixty million gallons a year are obtained from these wells. Petroleum has always been used by the Burmese for lamps, and so it is constantly in demand.

As the passenger sails up the river he constantly sees strange sights. Passengers board without much fuss. A man will yell from the bank, and then run into the water and be hauled up by the crew. Another man, in a canoe, will place his tiny vessel right in way of the barge, so that it is compelled to stop and take him up.

Another sight that meets our eye is that of the many fishermen who sell their fish from the banks. Sometimes a great raft of teak-wood sails by on its way to the Rangoon mills.

Presently we see a vast pile of pagodas raised, one above another, upon the slopes of a high hill. We have reached Pagan. Pagan is now a ruined city. No living being dwells in its splendid buildings ; yet once it was full of life. Boys filled its streets and

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played their games. Pagan, when we visit it and walk its deserted streets, seems even more full of splendid pagodas than it appeared to be from the river. But there is a very trying heat which comes up from the river, and that seems to take all the energy out of us. Not a soul meets us as we walk through these dead streets. A thousand years have passed since boys and girls played here or went in and out of the pagodas.

But, ruined and ancient, the pagodas still remain. There are no less than twelve hundred of them, and wherever we go we meet them.

If we examine these buildings, we shall find, or we should find if we were architects, that they are not all in the Burmese style. Hundreds of years ago Indians visited these parts, and taught the people some of the Indian methods of temple-building, and so the pagodas of Pagan are of several kinds. They are said to be the most wonderful sight in all Burma. One of the finest of the purely Burmese temples is the Shwe Zigon, while another interesting one is called the Bu. This last is supposed to be older than any other building in Burma, and that is saying a good deal.

Still farther on we come to the capital of Upper Burma—Mandalay. But though Mandalay has very beautiful buildings, it is a mean-looking town. It has no long history as a capital city, for less than sixty years ago it was quite unimportant. The people are much the same as those we have seen at Rangoon, though here the Burmese seem much more numerous and powerful than the Chinese.

The various gates of the town have the strangest

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ON THE BANKS OF THE IRRAWADDY—WAITING FOR THE STEAMER.

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possible words printed on them. Here are the words which may be read on one such gate.

> "*The extraordinary Gate of the Great Golden Royal City, which was founded on the night of the 6th after 3 beats (of gong) at 4 Nayi and 2 pads o'clock of the entry of Monday 7th waning Kason* 1221."

Many buildings are spread out before us, and one of these the Burmese call the "centre of the Universe."

CHAPTER VI

BABIES AND BOYS IN BURMA

The weather is so warm in Burma that little boys do not have to think much about clothes. As for shoes and stockings, the thought of such matters never enter their heads. It is only when they have reached the age of a man that they think of wearing anything on their feet. Mr. Kelly tells us that the first idea which we get of a little Burmese boy is that he is all teeth and glowing eyes. Then we notice how round is his head and how brown his skin. His hair is cut all round in a neat fringe, and the centre part of his head is described by one who has seen him as a "skimpy bunch of ends tied tightly."

If we pass through a village, we may very likely see a little chap having his first lesson in walking. He will probably look at us quite happily, for a Burmese baby is not often afraid of English people, and when they

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come to his village he will smile at them quite happily from behind his mother's skirt. As we go on through the village we may see a still smaller boy or girl in his or her wicker cradle. The cradle is a hanging one, and, when the mother wishes to lull the child to sleep, she sets the cradle swinging. This cradle is called a *paket*. The boys and girls have all kinds of jolly ways of amusing themselves. One of their favourite pastimes is a very simple one, and consists simply of playing with the wild or *pi* dogs, as they are called, which run about the village, and live on the bits of food which they find beneath the houses. With these dogs the boys are great friends. But they have also toys, such as we know. For instance, they play marbles, and when there is any water near they sail toy boats. Then, again, they play the Burmese game of football, which is different from ours, as well as a kind of battledore and shuttlecock. But their best sport is flying kites. Every-one in the East is a kite-flyer at some time or other in his life, and the boys of Burma are as keen as any. The Burmese boy does not only wind his kite string as we do, but has a strange-looking thing, like a drum or a big fishing-wheel, and it is on this that he draws in his string. If the boys live near the sea they have another amusement, which is perhaps the jolliest of all, for then they go bathing with their fathers and mothers. They soon learn to swim like fishes.

The beach from which these children bathe is not a smooth yellow expanse of sand, such as we expect to find when we go away for our holidays in the summer. It is often merely mud baked hard by the sun, and it is covered with rough stones. One thing we may notice

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about these shores is that they rise suddenly from the water, so that if a boy cannot swim, he will very quickly get out of his depth. All the children enjoy this bathing, and when it is all over, their parents wash the clothes of the family in the water. Finally, they fill their *chatties* with water for use at home, and then set off with their boys and girls—following, and laughing, and chattering—for their village.

CHAPTER VII

HOW THE WOMEN LIVE AND WORK

THE position of women in Burma is a far happier one than that of either of their sisters in India or China. Perhaps there is no country in the East where women have more consideration. And were we to visit Burma, and to see how much the women do as shopkeepers and in business, and how idle the men are, we should feel that it was only right that the women should be treated as though they were of importance.

Important they certainly are. Take away the women from the shops and offices, and life in Burma would come to a sudden stop. If we visit the bazaars, we shall find, often enough, a portion of a large stall in charge of quite a little girl, who sits happily upon a great sack of vegetables or grain. She knows her business thoroughly, and will not let the most cunning customer get the better of her. And if we look towards the back of the stall, we shall not see her father in charge, but her mother. Moreover, the women of Burma do

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not merely manage the shops. They are often enough landowners, with a very clear idea of the value of land. They can collect their own rents, and they show themselves in every way to possess the clearest of brains. One old lady who was visited by an English-woman at Moulmein, was a great property-owner, who managed all her affairs and gave away large sums of money every year. But though so wealthy, this old lady, curiously enough, dressed in the plainest way. Burmese women, indeed, when they reach the age of forty, give up wearing much jewellery and hand it on to their daughters-in-law. But the younger women are tremendously fond of jewels. They spend all they can on ornament, and a man will give all he has if only his wife and children may have plenty of jewels. The people care little about the sort of houses they live in, if, by saving money (which could otherwise be spent on the rent of a better home and on more comfortable furniture), they can buy gold and diamonds. If we were to ask them why they did this, they would laugh at our question. "Why," they would say, "nobody sees inside our homes. But everybody sees what we have on." And so adornment becomes to them the chief matter of life. The jewellery worn is often of great value. For instance, with an ordinary dress a girl will perhaps wear huge diamond links, such as in England would be kept locked up in a bank! One such girl, being asked about her dress on special occasions, attired herself, and appeared later a mass of diamonds and gold and stones. In front of her dress were her great diamond links ; from her ears hung gold and gems, her fingers sparkled with the glowing jewels in her many

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rings, in her hair was a large diamond pin, and round her wrists bracelets made of flat bars of gold. Not that her jewels were arranged to the best advantage. An English lady with half the amount could have arranged them with far more effect. But to the Burmese girl the chief thing was that she had so great a quantity of precious stones to wear at all.

In appearance Burmese women are quite pleasant, though one who has seen them in their native villages says that they are not as beautiful in reality as they are supposed to be by English folk at home. Their faces are too flat, their noses too broad, and they are too much given to stain their cheeks for the whole effect to be very beautiful. But they are, nevertheless, attractive, and they certainly try to be so. Their hair, which is described as a "purple-black," is very luxuriant, and is always most carefully dressed. It is worn in a tight coil on the top of the head, and in it a girl will place a beautiful flower, such as a rose or an orchid. In front of the coil she will put a comb made of ivory, or even one with diamonds in it, and her dress is not unlike her husband's, except that, while he wears a head-dress, she does not. She wears a white jacket, just as he does, and a silk *lungni*, with a beautiful pattern worked upon it. Round her neck she wears a scarf, and on her feet sandals. Moreover, she rarely goes out without one of the sunshades or umbrellas which are so well known in Burma.

Burmese ladies, while being allowed to take part in business, are also treated with politeness by the menfolk. In some countries in the East a man expects his wife to wait until he has finished eating before she

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begins. But in Burma he shows his regard for her in ways similar to those used in Europe. For instance, if he enters a room in which ladies are sitting, he takes off his sandals. If he came in with them on his feet, he would be considered as rude as an Englishman would be who entered a lady's drawing-room with his hat on his head. The Burmese men, it is true, are not so polite as they were, for they are trying to imitate the dress of English folk. They wear English shoes, which cannot be so easily removed as the native kind, and they notice, too, that it is not the habit of Englishmen to remove their footwear. But they do not follow the Englishmen in taking off the head-covering on entering a lady's room, and so, while they are dropping their own native politeness, they are not taking up the English kind.

A Burmese lady is always addressed as "Mah," whether she is married or single, whether "Mrs." or "Miss." A man, on the other hand, has quite a number of styles, everything depending on his age and his doings. Until he is forty he is addressed as "Moung." At that age he becomes "Ko." Later his style is changed to that of "Oo," while, if he lives to be very old, he becomes "Apogyi." It is highly honourable to be old in the East. But not only is honour done to a man in this way because of his years. He is also honoured for his good deeds. For instance, if he builds a rest-house in the forest, that a traveller passing that way may find shelter and repose during his journey, the benefactor is addressed by a name which reminds everybody of what he has done. It is very much the same as though we were to speak of the late

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Dr. Barnardo as "Giver-of-Homes-for-Poor-Children Barnardo."

And now to return to the ladies again. In Burma women have only two meals a day: one at nine in the morning, and the second at four in the afternoon. But when they have visitors they offer them refreshments of various kinds, such as oranges, plantains, and lemonade. They also put before their callers presents of biscuits. But the most curious thing about the repast sent in for visitors is that, accompanying it, is an orchid or other beautiful flower for the visiting lady to wear. This is a really pretty custom. The life of a Burmese lady, if she has no business to attend to, is spent in preserving ginger, and sewing. When an English visitor calls upon her, she becomes deeply interested, and asks all kinds of odd questions. For, though her mind is very quick in dealing with her own people, she has not had much education. Education in Burma is dependent upon the missionaries. There are no Government schools. All the Government does is to assist such schools as it believes to be good ones. But there are only a few missionaries among millions of people, and so only a few children can possibly be instructed. The boys who cannot get into the missionary schools go to the monasteries, where they are, at least, taught to read and write. For hundreds of years these monasteries gave the only schooling which the people of Burma ever got. But as women do not go to the Buddhist convents unless they expect to stay there, there are only a very few who have any knowledge of books. It is indeed wonderful that, being so ignorant, the women of Burma are also so clever.

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The working-class women, no less than their richer sisters, are good business women, and if it is only in selling the contents of a basket of oranges, they will show themselves keen and ready. Many women earn their living by making the *lungni*, the garment which, as we have said, is worn by everybody, whatever else is carried. It is the hardest of hard work. She has to count twenty-three threads of one colour before beginning the next, and every single thread of the work has to be fastened carefully to the machine before she begins. The machine is worked by means of the foot. If she rises early, and works all day and into the night, she can earn a rupee—that is, the price of one garment. But most women are content to get through half the *lungni* in one day, finishing the garment the next.

CHAPTER VIII

THE QUIET OF THE VILLAGE

All Burmese pagodas and houses are built on piles of wood about three feet from the ground. Sometimes they are even higher. This is done to protect those who live in these houses from floods and the terrible malarial fever, which is more likely to seize upon a person who is sleeping on the damp ground. The wood generally used in building is the bamboo, but there is another kind called *eng*, which is also employed to make the walls of the house. The floors are made of split bamboo, while the roof is of thatch, made of elephant grass. This thatch the people call

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A BURMESE HORSEMAN.

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thekke. The side of the house which is opposite to the street is generally open right across, so that all that is going on within can be seen by the people outside. We are able, as we pass, to smell all the cooking, and to guess what the family are going to have for their dinner. Ducks and geese, cocks and hens, stroll round the house as though it belonged to themselves. They get under the building, they run in and out of the open front, they play with the children; they might almost be members of the family. And the Burman never drives them away, but, if he does anything, smiles at them as they come and go.

One of the greatest excitements of the day for the boys comes towards evening. Then the cattle are driven into the village. It would not be safe to leave them out in the jungle all night, and when they are safely in, the village is shut up. All Burmese villages are forced to have round them what is called a "stockade"—that is, a wall of wood or thatch. The gates run on wheels, and can be run up quickly in the evening at the time of closing. All night watchmen sit up to give warning should a tiger, more bold than most, try to climb over the stockade in order to carry off some creature from the village, or even a little boy. The gates are never opened once they have been closed, and if a stranger arrives late, nothing he can do or say will open the gate. He must stay outside all night. The Burmese are made to obey these rules by law, and they know that they would get into trouble if they broke them.

In most villages, besides the Burmese houses, we shall notice special buildings called *daks*. These

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are very comfortable, and have a veranda and a long flight of steps leading up to it. The *daks* are placed here for the use of travellers, and many a time has an Englishman, working his way through the jungle, been glad to find one of these jolly houses in which to rest for the night. The Government, indeed, does a great deal for everybody in Burma, for it helps the people to get water, it makes them protect their villages, it prevents them from fighting, it gives them just laws, and it takes care of the strangers in the country.

In the evenings the older men sit about in groups chatting about their crops, or telling one another tales of long ago. The village looks very quiet and peaceful, and some of the boys perhaps wonder what it is like in the cities of their land.

CHAPTER IX

THE TERRORS OF THE JUNGLE

LIFE in the Burmese jungle is not only interesting, but somewhat terrifying. For mile after mile over the roughest of tracks the traveller makes his way, startled every now and again by strange sounds which come to him from behind trees. If he is alone, he may well feel a little nervous, for in the jungle tigers and panthers roam at will, and he will not know, until he hears a stealthy "pad, pad," or sees two fierce eyes trying to conquer him with their awful glare, that he is in danger. Sometimes he will hear the tap-tapping

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of the woodpecker as it raps against the bark of a high tree.

At other moments he will be startled to hear a strange, heavy sound, as though a clumsy drum were being beaten by a hand which could not strike in a regular manner. "Whatever can this be?" he asks himself, if he is a visitor to the country. "What creature in the jungle makes a noise like that?" Perhaps, if he is easily frightened, he will suppose that some beast, more terrible than any other, is drawing towards him ready to spring, and kill him with a blow. He goes on now very much on his guard, and, as he moves, the sound draws nearer. The man summons up all his courage and creeps forward towards a clearing, and then, looking ahead, what does he see? An elephant, perhaps two elephants, quietly grazing in the cleared space. "How comes that strange noise, then?" The man looks closer, and then understands. Round the neck of each elephant is a kind of teak-wood drum, which, as the animal moves, is beaten. The drum is tied to the elephant's neck for the same reason that a bell is attached to the neck of a cow in England, when a herd is allowed to wander away over a public common. When the owner seeks it, he knows where to look, for he hears the bell. It is the same in Burma. An elephant-owner, looking for his beast, hears the sound of the drum and follows it to the spot where the elephant is feeding. The traveller, perhaps, does not notice any difference between the sound of the drum on one elephant and that of the one on the other. But, says Mr. Kelly, the owner of the great beast can always recognize his own drum, and never finds himself

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following an elephant which is not his. If the traveller was a little frightened by the drum's sound until he knew what it meant, it is not to be wondered at, for the noise drives away even the fierce tigers of the jungle.

As the man goes forward, he will sometimes notice little pagodas, or rest-houses, called *nat sin*, and made of wicker. These are built by the superstitious people to please the spirits, or "nats," as they are called. So much do the people believe in these nats that they even place food in the pagodas for them to eat, as well as cups and pans! Sometimes the traveller passes the grave of a poor woodman who has died and been buried in the jungle. These graves are carefully protected by means of fencing. Another sight which he will often notice is that of huge ant-hills. Some of these are no less than nine feet high. But Mr. Kelly, who tells us much about Burma, says that the most wonderful thing he saw in the jungle were the giant creepers. They wind their way upwards round the highest of trees, and seem able to jump great distances, for a creeper would be seen to begin climbing one tree, and then to cross a space of thirty yards in order to set itself upon another trunk. These trees grow at a tremendous pace. There are three levels of them. First of all there are what are called "scrub-grasses" and "bamboos"; then come the valuable teak, of which we shall hear in another chapter; while last of all are great trees, such as the cotton-tree, two hundred feet high. Many of the Burmese trees flower, and very beautiful they look. We shall see cocoanuts, palms, tree potato, and wild pineapple trees among those which rise around us.

Terrifying as a journey by day may seem to a lonely

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and ignorant traveller, he will be far more alarmed at night. The screech of owls, the croak of frogs, the growl of panthers, the howl of jackals, and the trumpetings of elephants are kept up the night through, and break upon his ear as he tries to sleep. Noises of creatures ready to spring upon him come from the scrub. But as the nights in the jungle are very cold he is sure to have a fire. All travellers make fires, and great fires, for wood is always at hand, and not only is the cold intense, but the dew is so heavy that it quickly soaks anyone not close to a good drying blaze.

It is well for Englishmen that their feet are covered up as they travel through the jungle, for snakes are everywhere. Yet, dangerous as are these reptiles, a native, if he is a Buddhist, will never kill one, for Buddha taught that all life was sacred. The paths are not always easy to follow, and it is not hard to get lost in the jungle. In fact, a man may be only half a mile or so from his companions, and yet find it impossible to rejoin them. It is particularly difficult to find one's way during the monsoon—that is, the rainy season—for many roads are quite washed away. A bullock-waggon, as it is pulled through the slush, will sometimes have one wheel four feet higher than the other. Often carts become stuck so that nothing the poor bullocks can do will get them out of their trap, and teams of labourers have to be sent to dig the cart out. Bridges too, are washed away, and sometimes there is no getting backwards or forwards. Nevertheless, the Burmese forest work is carried on, and Mr. Kelly says that the postal service of the jungle is extremely good and regular. We think our country

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postmen must have difficulties sometimes, but, if so, what do not the Burmese forest postmen have to face when the rainy season sets in ?

CHAPTER X

THE LABOUR OF THE FOREST

THE chief trade of Burma is the growing of teak. So valuable is this wood that the Government takes great care of it, and there is no use in a Burman boy saying that when he grows up he intends to get rich by owning a great teak forest. The forests all belong to the Government of India, and a man has to get permission from the Government before he can begin to cut down a single tree. If he resolves that he will begin a trade in teak, he goes to the Forestry Office and asks for a licence. If the officer is satisfied that the man is a suitable person, he gives him a licence to cut down teak in a certain part of the forest, but he must pay the Government so much for so much wood sold. He has not done with the Government yet, however, for he is not allowed to cut down a single tree until the Forestry officer has said that it may be cut. If this rule were not made, people who knew very little about teak-trees would cut down some of the young trees which were not at their full height and strength, and that were too green.

We have all heard that wood needs, before use, to be properly seasoned or dried, and probably know that often, when a tree has been cut down, it is kept idle for

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a long time before anyone tries to make furniture or other articles from it; but the Burmese have another way. They do not cut down their trees before seasoning. When the Government man has said that a tree may be cut, the woodman cuts a ring round it so that about half an inch all round has no bark covering it. Now, a tree cannot live unless it can draw up moisture from the ground. It needs to refresh itself just as we do. But, when the bark is cut, the tree suffers just in the same way as if someone were to cut the pipe through which we receive water into our houses. The months pass, and without its moisture the tree begins to dry up. At last it dies. Its greenness has all gone. If we were to saw our way through it, we should find that it is as hard as the wood in one of our chairs or tables. The tree is now seasoned. It may now be cut down, and soon the man comes with his saw, and down drops the tree. Then elephants lift it in their trunks and place it, with others, ready to be sent down to the river.

These trees are called "first" or "second" class, according to their size. The "first-class" tree is one which is about seven feet round, while the "second-class" is only four and a half feet round. A teak-tree, when growing, is very long, with great leaves and a purple blossom.

We have said that teak, when cut, is sent down the river; but often enough the river is miles away from the spot on which the tree grew before it was cut down. And not only is the river a long way off, but there is no road over which a cart can travel. The only thing to be done, therefore, is to make a road. Then, when the road is made, the timber must be dragged mile after

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mile, until it reaches the river. Elephants and oxen are used for this work, and it often needs all an elephant's strength to get the great pieces of timber down to the water's edge. In one part of the country the people are very up-to-date, and use a traction-engine ; but before an engine can be got over the road the surface must be well laid. Sometimes, if a road cannot be constructed, the woodman will wait until the rainy season, for, when the monsoon arrives, many pools become, for the time being, like rivers, and down these the timber can be floated ; but so long is the time taken to get wood to the saw mills at Rangoon that sometimes twelve years pass between the day in which the tree is cut and that in which it is sawn in the mills.

When the wood thus goes down the rivers, it has been carefully watched all the time lest it should be washed into the bank, and there be stranded. Men are therefore placed all along the banks ready to push away the timber should it get stuck, and to prevent what they call a "jam." A "jam" takes place when a tree which is standing is washed down by the overflowing river. There is always a danger to the heads of the workers when such a thing occurs. The toil of these men is terribly hard and long. They sometimes have to work for two or three days and nights on end. They need courage and resolve. We must remember that these trees are very valuable, and must on no account be lost: a single log may be worth from five to seven pounds. The company has wood of the value of fifty thousand pounds afloat at one time, and the total yearly value of this wood is a million pounds.

While the river rises quickly, it falls as fast, and

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then there is a greater danger than ever of the logs being stranded. When they are thus held up, the pile is called a "pone." A pone is also caused by a rock getting in the log's way. It does not always happen, however, that the woodman wishes the wood to go farther. If he desires to stop it, he builds what is called a "boom." The native name for this is a *thittagah*—that is, a "door for logs."

The "boom" is built when the logs have reached the point at which they are to be removed from the river and carried to the mill or put into the carts, drawn by bullocks or elephants, which are waiting. The trees are lifted from the river by elephants, and these animals grow wonderfully clever at the work, and show themselves the best and most cheerful of labourers.

CHAPTER XI

CABBY!

People in Burma get about in a very ugly four-wheeled cab called a *ticca gharry*. It is very uncomfortable and is built like a box, or, as one writer says, "like a dog-kennel." It is so small that not more than two Englishmen would care to travel together in it, though Burmans, being less particular and not minding a little crushing, will get into the carriage one after another, until six or eight are inside. What the poor ponies think of their load is, however, another matter. There are only two of these ponies, and they are said to be the very smallest ever seen in the shafts

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of any kind of vehicle whatever. The cart has the clumsiest of clumsy iron tyres, which make a fearful din as the carriage moves. But the Burman passengers do not mind that. In fact, they enjoy the noise, and think it all part of the fun. The windows have sun-shutters, and these are very necessary if a journey is being taken during the middle hours of the day. The driver, or *gharry wallah*, sits on top of an odd-looking little "dicky." But when we enter a Burmese cab we do not call out an address to the driver. He does not want to be told where he is to go. All we can do is to point in the direction in which he is to set off. If we tell him more he will quickly become muddled; and so a drive in a *ticca* is an exciting business. We have to keep a sharp lookout all the time, calling "right," "left," "turn," or some other similar direction. If we did not do so, the man would soon take a wrong turning and land us miles away from our destination. And when we are drawing near to the house or shop which we are seeking, we must be still more careful to keep a watch, so that, as we pass it, we can call out to the man to stop. If we have a companion, he can watch one side of the street while we watch the other, and the business is then not so hard. But, should we be alone, shop-hunting is pretty exciting. Our head must look this way and that, to right and to left, for no assistance shall we get from the *gharry wallah*.

So much for the cabs and cabdrivers of Burma.

Both people and goods are carried in the country by means of carts drawn by bullocks. But the roads are very bad. Sometimes when a bullock-waggon is

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making its way through a road in or near a town, we shall notice that the bullocks are taught to walk, not in the smooth places between the ruts as horses would do in England, but in the ruts themselves. There is a reason for this. The country roads are so uneven that the earth between the ruts almost touches the axle of the cart. But in the ruts themselves the ground is fairly smooth, and so the bullocks are trained to keep in them.

Pack ponies are much used in Burma, and the method of loading them is peculiar to the country. The goods to be carried are packed, first of all, in boxes, which are called *pahs*, or else they are wrapped in sacks made of canvas. These sacks are then tied to a wooden frame, which Mr. Kelly tells us looks like a V turned upside down. As soon as the load is ready it is tied to this V-shaped frame, and then the frame is dropped across the pony's back, and away goes the animal fully loaded.

CHAPTER XII

SENDING FOR THE DOCTOR

The native doctors in Eastern lands are generally very ignorant people. They are, indeed, not unlike the doctors who practised in our own country in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, who followed the statements of certain old books said to be very wise. These books were written by men as ignorant as the doctors themselves, but because the book stated

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a certain thing to be so, the doctors believed it, even if they saw that the patient's condition did not confirm the book's statement.

The doctors of the East are, for the most part, still working on these lines. They, too, have certain old books which they think state the unalterable truth. They forget that knowledge is always growing, and that each year it is possible for doctors to understand a little more of the ways of the human body and of the best cures. But no, the native doctor in Burma or China looks into his books, reads that a particular disease must be treated in a particular manner, and all the learning of the present century will not alter him or his views of what ought to be done.

It was not, however, very wonderful if a Burman doctor proved to be ignorant, for he was not called on to undergo any particular training. Perhaps a young man who had been working in the fields decided that he was weary of his work. "What shall I do instead?" he asked himself, and after some thought he remembered the profession of medicine. "I will be a doctor," he exclaimed, and he had no more to do. A doctor he was. It is Father Sangermano, who was the first man to write an account of Burma, who tells us about these doctors, as well as about other odd Burmese people and ways.

If we go into any Burmese village when the traders are about, we shall probably see the doctor at work. He squats on the ground, a great coloured turban on his head, while before him, spread out, are his medicines. Strange medicines they are, too. Boars' tusks, dried roots, bark, bottles of mild-looking

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powders, bits of coloured stone, and other odd things meet our eye. And it is with these that the doctor would propose to heal us. He will not be afraid to give us any of these "cures"! Doubtless, if we asked him, he would tell us that we would only have to crush the tusk to powder and then to drink it to become as strong as the boar itself.

Of course, the system of which Father Sangarmano tells us was a very dangerous one for the patients. But the people did not mind, and were quite ready to call in unpractised physicians who had been farm-boys. Even if they did not call them, the doctors would probably come, for when the fact gets abroad that a man is sick, all the doctors in the place, as well as all the old women who think they know some cure by means of herbs, come to the house, and, if they can, visit the patient and try to persuade him to take the cure. "If you will only swallow *this*," one says, "you will be quite well at once." "Don't touch the other things; what I offer you is the only possible cure," another caller insists, using words not unlike those of our quack medicine-dealers.

But perhaps the family of the sick man have decided on a particular doctor, and have sent for him. Presently he arrives, with a great air of importance, carrying a funny little bag. If we look inside this bag we shall see small pieces of cane or bamboo, and if we open these we shall find various powders and pills. These are the wonderful cures of this doctor. They may or may not be like those in the bag of his nearest rival. Just as one of our doctors would do, this gentleman begins by asking questions of the patient.

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"Does he not feel his pulse?" we inquire. He does, but his feeling it is quite useless, for he does not try to find out if it is too quick or too slow, or to see if it is regular in its beats, but merely to discover if the beats are the same in the different parts of the body. The native doctors do not realize that, as the beats or pulsations are those of the heart, and as there is only one heart, the beats must all be of the same regularity.

Having felt the pulse and heard the answers to his questions, the doctor gets out his pills. He does not look at the patient's tongue, but orders him at once to swallow a pill. The patient obeys, but scarcely is the pill down his throat than the doctor wants to know if it has done good. The poor patient probably cannot answer, but if he can, and says "Yes," the doctor will, before long, generally in about an hour's time, give him another, and proceed to repeat the dose hourly. If, however, the patient says that he feels no benefit, the doctor tries another kind of pill. As soon as he thinks he has found the right pill, he will go on giving it to the miserable patient until the stomach of the sick man is full of the useless remedies. Very likely the man will die from the treatment; but even when he can take no more, the doctor will often, in his zeal, force open the man's mouth with a stick and push in more pills.

Rich people really have a worse time with the doctors than the poor, for they are able to attract many more of these dangerous physicians than the man who has small means to pay the fees. Sometimes, when a rich man falls ill, he will have a whole row of doctors hanging about him, each forcing down his own par-

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ticular remedy, and urging him to leave alone all others.

Doctors in this country pay a great deal of attention to the question of diet. But in Burma the doctors do not worry much about such matters as that. If a man is very ill they do not say that he must be careful what he eats, or that he must eat a little. They rather bid him eat as much as he can, for they have a proverb that as long as a man can eat he cannot die. If a man has a fever they think that it is a good thing to give him hot drinks. The effect, of course, is to heat his blood to a degree much above that at which it stood before.

But if, after all their efforts, the doctors can do nothing, they do not let the people think that failure is due to their want of skill. The trouble, they say, is caused by the "nats" or spirits. They know how superstitious the people are, and count on their believing even this poor excuse. And, sure enough, the relatives and the man himself, if he can understand enough to know that they have failed, are quite content to accept this excuse. There is one nat who is called the "Natzo," or evil nat, whose home is in the woods, and who is supposed to give people a great many diseases, and when the doctor feels the pulse, he will sometimes profess to be able to detect the responsibility of the "nat" for the sickness of the patient. He will then say that not medicines, but certain superstitious actions must be used before a cure can be hoped for, and at once these practices are begun.

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CHAPTER XIII

GETTING MARRIED, AND FUNERALS

When a man is to be married in Burma, he finds himself with much greater freedom than the men of almost any other nation of the East. In China he would have to obey his parents, while in Korea he would not only not be allowed to choose his wife, but he would not see her till he had married her. In India he would be troubled by caste rules. But in his own land he is as free to choose as people in England are, and he shows himself ready to use his freedom. When he has decided that he would like to marry a particular girl, he hires certain old women, whose business it is to arrange weddings, to go to the house of the girl's father and offer him as a husband. Perhaps the girl does not know him well enough, or perhaps she does not like him. In either of these cases she may say "No," and her father will not try to interfere. But if she says "Yes," the old women go back to the young man with the good news, and he at once hastens to the father of the girl, and an agreement is signed. He does not expect her to bring him any money. It is he who has to provide the dowry, and the father may drive a hard bargain, but when the matter is at last settled, the marriage quickly follows. In England a newly married couple goes to a house of their own; in Korea the wife goes to the house of her father-in-law. But in Burma the man goes to the house of his wife's father, and lives there for three years. If he decides to have a grand, rather than a

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BURMESE MONKS BEGGING IN A VILLAGE—EARLY MORNING.

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quiet, wedding, he will let all his friends know of it, and then they will make of his removing to his wife's house a great and splendid festival. They will put on their finest silks and jewels, and make as much sound as they can, and carry the bridegroom in triumph to his new home. When the young man at last arrives at the new home, which is his wife's old home, he settles down there for three years. But if, at the end of that time, he does not feel happy there, he has the right to leave, and to take his wife with him. But he may be quite contented to remain, for he is generally a person easily pleased, in which case his wife may live, all her life, in the house in which she was born.

A funeral in Burma is not a sad affair, while, if the body of a priest is to be buried, the people look upon the occasion as one for a holiday. The body will be preserved in sawdust and honey until the day for burning it arrives. This may not be for a year or so. But for a week before the actual burning takes place, a regular fair has been going on. The people come in their brightest garments and finest jewels, and laugh and chatter and enjoy themselves as if they were waiting to see a royal procession. We notice large decorated cars covered with pictures by native artists. These are brought by different villages to show honour to the dead, and the priest's body is placed for a short time in each of the cars, otherwise the people of the different villages would feel that proper respect had not been shown to them and their car.

Lying about the village are various priests who receive alms from the people, and who seem to be even more lazy than the ordinary Burman. The priests are,

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in fact, enjoying themselves immensely. The things presented to them are of a very mixed kind, brass bedsteads and clocks being among the gifts.

Finally, we see the funeral pyre with a canopy over it. A procession is formed, gongs are sounded, and then the body, in a golden coffin, is carried on the shoulders of four bearers, while priests with umbrellas follow. The coffin is finally placed on the pyre, and then broken open with axes; but the smell is so bad that nobody waits to see more. And so the body burns.

CHAPTER XIV

SOME OLD LEGENDS

THE Burmese have some ancient books which they believe to be full of wisdom. These books are studied by the men who live in the monasteries, and contain some curious tales of the old days. One of the stories is of a poor man who rose to great power, and who, by his influence, persuaded the people to make a certain prince king of the country. When the prince had seated himself on the throne, he called his helper to him, and made him his chief officer of state. And so time passed. But the powerful minister was getting old, and began to think that the king owed everything to himself. He gave himself great airs of authority, and even took it upon him to oppose the king. So one day the monarch called the old man before him. The minister advanced through the throng of mandarins standing around him, and came at last to the foot of

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the splendid throne. Now, after a pagoda is built, a platform is put up around it, so that the painters may be able to decorate its walls. This platform is called a *zen*. When the work is done, the *zen* is removed, leaving the pagoda beautiful and shining.

So the king said to the prime minister:

"Tell me, when the painting and gilding are done, what becomes of the *zen*?"

"It is taken down so that it may not cover up the beauty of the pagoda," answered the minister, without suspecting anything.

"Exactly," answered the king, and went on to say that the minister was the *zen*. He had been useful while the pagoda of the king's rule was being established. But that done, and the king being now firmly on his throne, and in the enjoyment of all men's love and respect, the *zen* was useful no more, and must be removed. And with that he drove the poor old minister away into banishment.

The story goes on to say that the old man went down into the country, and there dwelt out of sight and sound of the court, but thinking deeply upon the past.

One day a great wind-storm sprang up. The whole country seemed as if it had been seized and shaken by the tempest. The old man wisely kept out of the storm's path, but as he saw it growing weaker, he ventured out and looked around. And then he saw a sight which very much interested him. And what he saw was this: All the great trees of the forest, which had ventured to withstand the wind, had been bent right over and snapped by its force. But the

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grasses and bushes, which had bent and swayed as the wind caught them, as soon as the storm fell had swung back into their old position. Because they had bowed to the power greater than themselves, they still kept their places. Because the trees had withstood the greater power, they had been broken.

"Oh, that I had learnt a lesson in time from these grasses!" moaned the old man in his solitude. "Had I bowed to the power of the king, I might still be the chief minister of his court."

The Burmese books draw other lessons from Nature, and even from trees and plants. They say, for instance, that a fruit called the *sapon* looks most delicious. It has the most beautiful colours, and the shape of a fig. But if one opens it, one finds only grubs inside. And, says the book, it is exactly the same with a bad man. Outwardly he may seem a very clever and well-disposed person. Inwardly he is black. But there is another plant called the *giacca*, which is covered with prickles. We should not like to open this, we say, as we look at it. And yet, if we do open it, we find the most delicious fruit within. In the same way many a man who is outwardly uncouth and unfriendly may have within some very good qualities. Do not judge only by appearance, is the lesson which it is sought to teach.

Another of the books of the people is made up of ong conversations between a king and his chief minister. For instance, the monarch would ask the statesman how he should make his country happy and prosperous. Then the old man, who had had a long experience of life and government, would look very wise, and say

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that the king must think of the people always, not being content to let the state be carried on by others, but making the welfare of the inhabitants of the country his own first thought. Also he must take off the heavy taxes, and, before asking people to pay new ones, find out if they can do so without hardship. Also he must be generous with his money, and take a friendly interest in the doings of his people. Among other things, the minister would tell the king not to make his people pay the taxes before they have the money. Once again an example from Nature is taken; the old man, pointing out that if we pluck fruit before it is ripe, or rice before it is grown, we find the fruit sour, and the rice bitter and useless as food. Finally, the old man would tell the king that to make his own people happy he should welcome merchants from foreign countries, as the coming of these men would mean a great increase of trade for his subjects.

The value of this last piece of advice was great, particularly when given to an Eastern king. For, as we know, not only Korea, but even the nation of Japan, by locking their doors against strangers, hindered their own progress, and kept themselves back for hundreds of years.

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CEYLON

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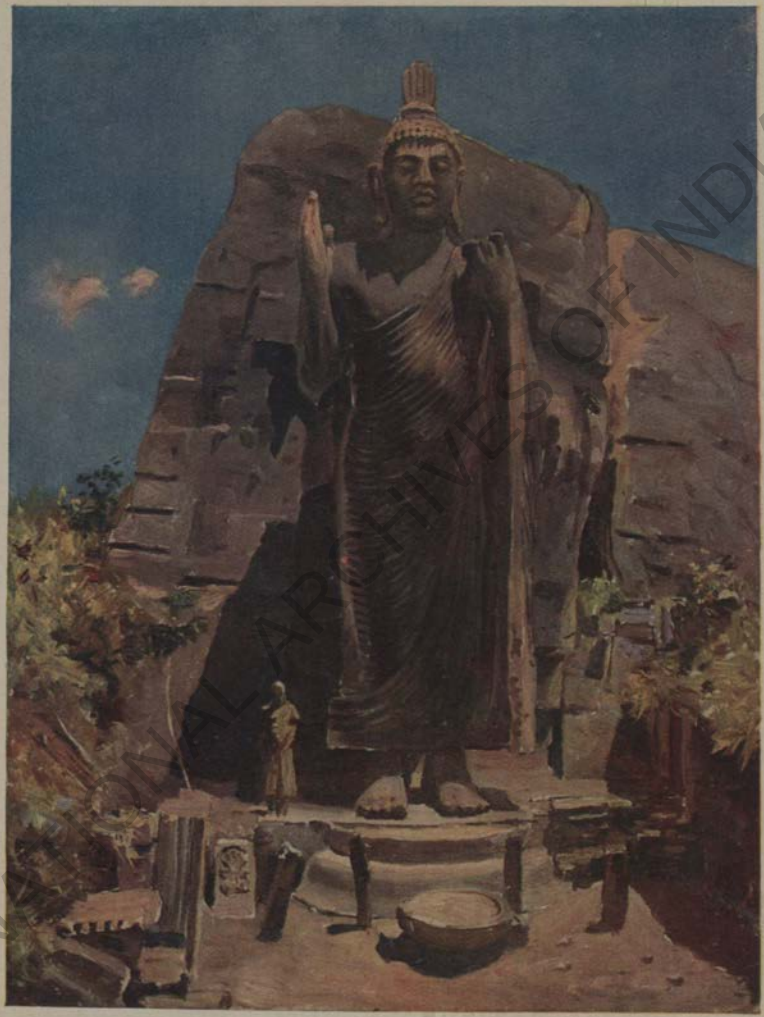

A STATUE OF BUDDHA.

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CHAPTER I

THE BEAUTY OF CEYLON

We have most of us heard about "Ceylon's isle"—

> "Where every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile"

—and if we turn to the map of India and look to the southward we shall see the island marked. If we take up the map of the world and look at Ceylon and then turn to Europe, we shall see that this island in the East is not as big as England, and that it is not much larger than Wales.

If we look again at the map of Ceylon, we shall notice that it lies very close to the equator. We know that the line of the equator shows us the part of the world which is most directly opposite the sun, so perhaps we think that we should not like to live in Ceylon, in spite of the verses telling us that the breezes "Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle." Nevertheless, near to the equator though it is, Ceylon is a country which travellers say is one of the pleasantest in which to live, and the reason for its excellent climate is to be found in its mountains. Although not much bigger than Wales, Ceylon has mountains far greater than any in Great Britain. Some of her peaks are more

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than twice as high as Snowdon. These mountains rise in the way of the clouds, and turn them to rain, so that the Ceylon farmer does not have the fears of the farmer on the Indian plains. He knows that his crops are safe, for he sees rising before him the great mountains. From these slopes, too, blow down cool breezes which mingle with the warm airs of the valleys.

Travellers tell us that the arrival off Colombo is a very interesting experience, and those of us who, like the writer, have yet to visit the East, can well believe this. No sooner is the ship seen entering the harbour than it is surrounded by tiny cockleshell boats and canoes. Some of these canoes are so small that the boys in them sail them by holding up a garment to catch the wind!

As quickly as possible the men in the boats get aboard the liner, and offer, the one to make the English traveller a complete set of white clothes in a day, another to do all his washing before he goes on eastwards, another to sell him all kinds of odd articles to take home as presents for friends. It is well to beware of the last-mentioned trader, for he is not above charging a high price for a worthless article.

But we shall perhaps be most interested in the native boys who come right under the ship's side, and then smile up at us, inviting us to throw pennies for them to dive after. We need have no fear that, by throwing coins, we shall be endangering the lives of these boys, for in Ceylon, diving is a practice which most young men living upon the coast follow regularly. Many of them, indeed, earn a living by diving for pearls.

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Once the passenger has landed he sets about hiring a "boy," or servant. For the past forty years these boys have been registered by the Government, and each carries a book stating his wages and character.

Arrived in Colombo, we shall now doubtless set about seeing the city, which is the capital of the island. Every sea captain sailing East or to Australia knows this port, for here he takes up coal. Some of us who take an interest in cricket will remember that Colombo is usually the place where the Australian eleven plays the first match of its tour. Colombo has a fine harbour, which has been built by the Government, and it is protected from the sea by great breakwaters. An Englishman living at Colombo is almost more likely to see his friends from England than if he were in any other part, for whether travellers are going to Australia and New Zealand, or to Japan and China and the other countries of the Far East, or to India and Burma, the ship is certain to touch at Colombo.

We may think, in visiting Colombo, or any other town of Ceylon, that when we have seen the great buildings which have been raised by past kings, or by the present Government, and have visited the houses of the chief British officials and merchants, we have seen the town, and can go on to the next point in our journey. But if we should have such an idea, we should make a great mistake. For the most interesting part of the towns in Ceylon is the native quarter. Here, as we make our way down narrow streets, we find the tiny shops of the tradesmen. These shops are called *boutiques*—a name given them by the Portuguese

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long ago. Up and down walk coolies carrying loads of fish or other foodstuffs. These men use poles, called *pingoes*, from which to suspend their burden. We also see men with snakes. Natives never like killing snakes, particularly cobras. They believe the reptiles have strange powers, and, moreover, they say that if one is killed its mate will turn up soon afterwards to punish the killer. In a few minutes one of the snake-carriers in the bazaar will stop and call attention to himself by making a great noise, and will then begin a performance. But we need be in no fear of the snakes hurting us. Though the snake-charmer would like us to think that he is running a great risk in giving his performance, he has, earlier in the day, irritated the snakes, and made them bite something which they cannot harm. With the bite goes the poison, and then the snakes have no more poison for some time.

But we must now turn from these performers to the shops. The counters are very rough affairs, like the shops in which they stand. Often enough they are built of a few rough boards spread on top of a number of empty boxes at a height of about two feet. The roof may be of rough canvas or cheap timber. A better shop may, perhaps, have rough tiles with hollows across them, down which the water may escape in the rainy season. If the shopkeeper is a Hindu, he will take good care that we do not see him at his meals. Otherwise he will eat his food at his shop front. Anything will do, in his opinion, as a peg from which to hang goods. If the trunk of a tree happens to be convenient, this will be used as a stand

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from which to suspend fruit or clothes. But he will not hang out fruit in the early morning, unless he can watch it, for fear of the many birds.

CHAPTER II

CEYLON OF THE OLDEN DAYS

Ceylon used to be called Lanka's Isle, and the Indian peoples of the north told many strange and romantic stories about the country. It used to be said that the people who lived in the land were giants, and did all kinds of terrible things. But these stories are not true, and have only come down to us in the legends of the people.

The inhabitants of Ceylon, like those of Burma, follow the teaching of Buddha. They have many strange fables of how this belief was first brought to them. One of these stories tells us how a prince of India, who had given up Hinduism to become a Buddhist, was carried all the way from his home, far away in the heart of India, to a mountain in Ceylon, and that all the time that he was carried he moved through the air. The people still believe this tale, and will even point out the mountain on which the foot of the great man rested. On his arrival in Ceylon, this prince lost no time in going to the king of the country and persuading him to give up his old spirit worship, and accept the new belief. To show how anxious he was to assist his new faith, the king enclosed a space covered by a great number of valuable fields, at a spot near his

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capital, and then said that all the land which he had enclosed should be given to Buddha. The king held many strange superstitious beliefs. For instance, he thought he had found a tooth which had belonged to Buddha. This he carried home in triumph to Anuradhapura, and built a beautiful temple in which to keep the tooth. But the tooth is so big that it is supposed that it cannot have been the tooth of the Buddha, or of any other man. In fact, it may not be a tooth at all. The king and his people thought that by worshipping this they would get many blessings.

Visitors to Ceylon sometimes leave Colombo to see the ruined cities. But there is more than one reason for not doing so.

Although there are railways in Ceylon many districts have to depend not on trains, but coaches. Very poor coaches these are, however, for they are without cushions, and the springs are so bad that the weary traveller would almost as soon be without them. It is always wise to take plenty of rugs with us if we are proposing a coach drive in Ceylon.

But while the coach is a poor affair, so, too, are the horses. They are such creatures as a bus-driver of the smallest and poorest company in London would be ashamed to drive. They suffer terribly on the journey, for they carry, besides a dozen passengers, about three hundred pounds weight of luggage, together with the mails. A humane passenger finds the drive a very depressing business; as he watches the panting and struggling beasts pulling up the steep hill, he wishes he had not come.

In travelling by one of these coaches one does

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not take a first-class seat, for all the seats are the same. But it is possible to buy a first-class ticket. The use of such a ticket is simply that, when a passenger holding one arrives at the coach station, he has the first choice of seats. A second-class passenger must wait for the next coach, should there be sufficient first-class people to fill the coach ready to start.

As we drive we see green things growing everywhere. Here is jack fruit, while over there we see the well-known bread-fruit tree. The most famous of the old cities is Anuradhapura. It was once bigger than Paris, and had quite as many people. Yet now all is a ruin.

Nevertheless, it is extremely interesting, for here we see a bo-tree, believed, by the ancient king to whom it was brought by a princess out of another Eastern kingdom, to have been the one under which Buddha first made up his mind to carry his teaching to the people of India. This tree the king received with great respect, believing it to be a holy tree. He came to it often to worship, and the people still treat it with reverence. It is certainly two thousand years old, for it was planted two hundred and forty-five years before the coming of Christ to earth. It is said, in fact, to be the oldest tree in the world to-day.

People who visit it have first to descend steps made of granite. If we look closely as we move, we shall see that these steps are worn very much. And the reason for their being so worn is that for hundreds of years pilgrims have come from all parts to do reverence to the shrine. Just outside the entrance we notice men who wish to sell us offerings to place

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before the tree. As we make our way within, we see that we are surrounded by low walls, which have become stained with age. Springing up around us are small trees. "What are they?" we ask. They are bo-trees, and they are offshoots of the famous trees which the Buddhists worship. As we make our way upwards we see great fires burning in the gloaming, and, around these fires, the dark shining faces of the Cingalese.

We now begin to climb up steps; and now at last we are at the top, and we see the tree in front of us. There are very few leaves upon it, and altogether we should say that we have often seen much finer trees in our forests at home. Suddenly, as we stand watching the tree, we hear a movement overhead, and see that monkeys are springing from branch to branch. These monkeys are sacred. They are sacred in themselves, and they are sacred because they have life in them. For the best thing that Buddha taught was that all life was sacred.

The people of Ceylon were ruled by many kings. Sometimes the people from the north would fall upon them and conquer them, and then their own kings would grow powerful again. Later came the Arabs, believers in the cruel religion of Mahomet, which teaches its followers that it is their duty to kill those who do not accept its beliefs. The Arabs, however, came to Ceylon, not to fight, but to trade, and for many years they were the chief merchants in the island. Other Eastern peoples also began to open up trade with the Cingalese, until all the more important nations were doing business with them. Every Eastern land

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A SACRED BO-TREE.

which has any wealth or merchandise is sure, sooner or later, to attract to its shores the traders of Europe. These men have never been troubled as they ought to be by the thought that the land into which they go uninvited is not theirs, but that it belongs to the people who live in it. When they see that a people less educated than they themselves has anything valuable, they are always anxious to possess it, and Ceylon was not more fortunate. England was only the last country to take over the rule of the island.

CHAPTER III

CEYLON AND EUROPE AND GREAT BRITAIN

CEYLON is not one of those countries which, until it came under British rule, was governed by ignorant and savage kings. The people, like those of the kingdom of Delhi, were ruled by monarchs who were often wise and well-informed, and there are still traces of the skill and cleverness which was possessed by the ancient people of Ceylon. We are apt to think that until Great Britain took over the management of the great lands of the East the people were quite without mechanical aids to their comfort. And it is true that India owes a great part of her prosperity to the work of British engineers in what is called "irrigation"—that is, providing water for flooding the fields which otherwise would be parched and dry. But while this is true, we have to remember that in Ceylon the people themselves showed their skill in this way. They fully understood the

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importance of rains and rivers to their farmers, and so they made great tanks in the valleys and plains, and enormous lakes in which to collect rain from the hills. Their methods were, in fact, not unlike those of water-engineers in this country at the present day, who, when a large city requires water, fill or dam up one end of a valley between mountains, so that the water cannot escape them. When the rains have collected, and the lake is formed, the water is carried in pipes to the place which requires it. The Cingalese were making these waterworks seventeen hundred years ago, when we in this country were certainly not half so advanced in knowledge as they. If we visit Ceylon we shall see some of these great lakes, which for hundreds of years have refreshed the soil of the dry places of the island. But while the people were skilful makers of water-works, and showed great wisdom in making these much-needed lakes, they were not road-makers. Yet to make a road is one of the greatest things a man can do. For by making a road he makes a way to other men, to new scenes and cities, and to new ideas. The Cingalese kings, however, did not like roads. "If we make roads our people will be leaving their own villages and going into others," they said. And so when men went from one town to another they had to go singly. It was thus quite easy to stop a person and examine him, and find out where he was going, and why. Since the British Government has ruled Ceylon, however, roads have been made as well as railways built, and a man who once did not know the shape of the valley next to the one in which he lived could now visit it as often as he liked.

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Ceylon and Europe and Great Britain

Ceylon has a connection with Europe which goes back a very long way. The Romans knew the island, and some of their sailors came back to the capital with wonderful reports of the riches and trade of Ceylon. The famous traveller Marco Polo also visited it, as did also, three centuries later, the Elizabethan merchant explorers. In the same century the great Roman Catholic missionary, Francis Xavier, came to the island and preached Christianity, as he did to other nations of the East. Then came the Portuguese, who began a regular trade with the island, and who made a treaty with the King of Candy to allow them to open a factory. For a time all went well. What happened then is what generally happens when Europeans get amongst weaker people. The Portuguese decided that the country was too rich for the Cingalese, and set about checking them by building forts. The native people at once became frightened. They revolted. But it was too late. The Portuguese had obtained too strong a footing, and so the Cingalese were beaten. All the country in which the merchants of Portugal traded was now declared to be Portuguese territory.

The rest of the country was still governed by the native monarch from his capital in the mountains. Time passed, and other nations, including the Dutch, succeeded the Portuguese in trying to rule Ceylon, and to influence its king. But in 1815 the native king was a great tyrant and a cruel man. The chief felt this, and decided to ask the British to take over the government of their country. The British agreed, and ever since we have ruled Ceylon as we rule India. As soon as our people had taken up the duty of governing Ceylon,

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they set to work to improve the position of the natives. There was great need to do this, for the people were terribly oppressed. The old kings used to say that certain valuable spices gathered in the land belonged to them. They made the unhappy farmers and labourers give up a great part of their harvest, and when they failed to do so, punished them severely. A young farmer might go out among his fields and orchards and see that he was likely to have a good harvest. For a moment, perhaps, his heart would leap with pleasure. But even while he rejoiced there would come a terrible reminder that though he had planted and toiled and watched anxiously for the rain, the harvest was not his, but the king's. When he had paid the duty due to the state, there would be very little left for himself. And when the nations came to Ceylon, they did not treat nim with any greater kindness. "Your kings made you pay them," they said ; "you shall pay us." And the poor farmer had to pay. In fact, just because they were civilized nations, the Portuguese and the Dutch and the French were more skilful in seeing that nothing which they said was due to them missed reaching their hands.

It is not surprising, then, that the Cingalese were glad to welcome Great Britain to rule over them, and wanted the British King instead of their own native ruler. Before long the British changed the method by which the farmer and the labourer had to pay the heavy taxes to the Government. Within fifteen years all these taxes had been removed, and from that time until now the farmer has been able to feel that what he plants is his own.

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CHAPTER IV

GOVERNMENT AND AN OLD CAPITAL

THE people in the northern part of Ceylon are like those found in the south of India—that is to say, they are of the Tamil race.

Between Ceylon and India is a long strait, forty miles wide, called Palk's Strait, after the man who first discovered that Ceylon was separated from India. But though the strait is wide, there are so many islands in it that they almost connect Madras and Ceylon. Thus the distance is not very great, and so the Tamils come to the island in the hope of getting work on the plantations. Ceylon has no great rivers up which British liners may steam. The largest of the rivers in the island is the Mahaveli Ganga which is crossed in one place by a beautiful bridge. This river, though not navigable for many miles, has a journey of more than two hundred miles from source to sea, and is a great boon to the farmers over that long distance. Sailors may despise this river, but farmers know better.

The roads of Ceylon are very good and hard, and quite unlike some of the roads which had troubled us in India. These roads have been built by the Government, and there are nearly four thousand miles of them. It is, of course, a simpler matter to make good highways in a small island like Ceylon than in a vast country like India.

The government of Ceylon is what is called a Crown colony. There is a governor who represents

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King George, and he is assisted by five high officials. There is also a council of fifteen members. One of the laws of the country is that whenever the council makes a new Act to improve the government of the island, its exact meaning must be explained to the people in their own language. So a newspaper is published called the *Gazette*, and in this the new law is printed in Cingalese. It must be published for three weeks before the Act can become the law of the land. The native people themselves may hold positions in the government if they are well enough educated—and some of them are. Englishmen, who join the government, must pass an examination in native languages. The Tamils, the people of the race from Southern India, who now live in the north of Ceylon, have shown much cleverness, and are able to hold their own in argument even with Europeans. But perhaps what is even more important than the council is the law-court. Good laws may be passed, but if they are to be of any use to the people, there must be judges to see that the laws are obeyed. The judges in Ceylon are British, with the honesty of the British judge. The people may thus not only hope to be fairly treated, but can feel that in their many disputes between themselves there is someone who will decide between them justly. This is very important to Eastern peoples, whose judges are often to be bribed. The natives have also village courts, in which the best man in the place is set to do justice. Thus, when one man strikes another, or has a dispute with another about land, the court decides the rights and wrongs of the matter.

The capital of Ceylon is not the capital in which

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dwelt the old kings of the island. What would be the feelings of one of these ancient kings, one wonders, if he were to see his land to-day, and were to notice that from his narrow paths, connecting city with city, the new rulers had built instead fine wide roads? Something else would surprise him still more, however, for as he pierced through the jungle covering the hillside, he would see a strange track over which wound a still stranger creature made of iron, and belching smoke. He would doubtless be frightened. Yet all he would see would be a railway train on its way to his ancient capital. Candy, the old city of the king, and Colombo, the centre of the British Government, are now joined by railway. As we travel towards the old capital, we find ourselves rising, ever rising up the side of a great green valley, the jungle on either side of us. Strange birds of gorgeous colours start and scream as they hear the murmur of a train, or hear the engine's shrill whistle. We seem to be climbing through a jungle like explorers, though we sit at our ease.

The valleys that are spread out below us are of enormous size. Wild flowers surround the track. Little red blooms and yellow daisies and blackberries meet our gaze everywhere. The stations look like English ones. The porters, though their feet are bare, wear uniform, while the stations are decorated like some of those which we see at home. English flowers are grown, for the station-masters do not seem to care for their own native flowers. At last the town is reached. It is not the city it once was. On the one hand, it has lost its importance, and is no longer the centre of a court. On the other, it has some advantage

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which it did not possess formerly. After the railway was built, it was possible to carry to it many of the advantages which we enjoy at home. A hospital was set up, and a number of schools, and slowly the town has changed. Candy is built round one of the last lakes to have been made by the ancient kings of Candy. In the middle of this lake is an island, while around the sparkling waters are fine broad roads. The houses are not arranged evenly, and at a distance the street might appear to have been built up by dropping a house here and a house there, until the space had been more or less covered. Its greatest attraction to the Buddhist is that in a gold casket, kept in the finest of the temples, is the famous tooth of Buddha.

Very different is the new capital city of the island. Colombo shows that it has been carefully planned, for the houses stand in straight rows. But Colombo has one great advantage which Candy could never have. It is a port, and a port situated upon a very important "trade route." Ships to the Far East, as well as to India, call at Colombo, and every ship means commerce for the port. But Colombo does not depend for its trade on passing ships. It does a big business with the West, and particularly with Great Britain. If we were to stand upon its quays, we should see large crates addressed to England, and if we could look inside we should find something intended for the breakfast table in our home. That something is tea. For, as we shall see, a great portion of our tea, and a little of our coffee, also comes from Ceylon.

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THE TEMPLE OF THE SACRED TOOTH, KANDY.

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A Railway Ride

CHAPTER V

A RAILWAY RIDE

An Englishman weighed down by the heat of Colombo has only to take the train for four hours, up the hills above which rise the mountains, to feel a change—a change which is almost trying. So much is this so that a chill is a common result. In the eastern and western parts the climate is mild and damp, but in the extreme north and in the southern part of the island there is such a country as we might more expect to find on the equator, for it is very dry and is little cultivated. But what strikes everybody about the beautiful island, which lies like one of its own pearls under the shining sun, is the change of scenery and climate which a short journey gives every traveller. In India one may travel hundreds of miles and see the same sights all the time. But in Ceylon even a short train journey means many changes of scene.

Quite soon, if we have set out from the hot plain in the south, we find ourselves in a higher and cooler and more beautiful country. Perhaps we leave behind us a dry climate, in which we can have no hopes of growing anything. But very soon, as we look out of our railway carriage—for there are good railways in Ceylon—we see green and fertile fields, every inch of which is occupied with something fresh and green and growing.

We notice that the engine which draws us has a cow-catcher such as is carried on an American engine,

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and presently we see the need for carrying it. For at one station, a horse, drawing a carriage containing passengers hurrying to the station in order to catch the train, stumbles on the line. By means of the cow-catcher the horse is quickly lifted and placed out of danger, and escapes with only a few scratches.

Looking out of the window, we notice long rows of houses, and then we see a thing that strikes us as odd. We see palm trees surrounding the houses. But why are those dead dry leaves bound to the lower part of the tree trunks? If we ask a native, he will tell us that this is done to prevent thieves climbing up the trees and stealing the cocoanuts. If a man began to climb, the owner would hear him at once because of the rustling of the dead leaves.

As we travel about Ceylon we notice other kinds of quick change beside those we have mentioned. First of all we see a beautiful beach, white and shingly, where we might have splendid bathes if we did not dread sharks. If we are near such a bay as that called Tambalagam we shall see pearl divers at work. These men plunge in without any protection save to their ears. On the sea, too, we notice also the fishermen in their outrigger canoes with sails. These sails have a very strange name, and are called *warkamoowee*. When we have left the sea behind, we find ourselves on low barren plains, but presently, if we take train, we begin to rise. Soon we are in the midst of mountains, and can look down on some of the most beautiful scenery in the world. Imagine a train which travels six thousand feet up, or nearly twice the height of Snowdon. Yet we can get trains

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to carry us to this height in Ceylon. So beautiful are the views that many passengers make long train journeys without once leaving their carriage during the run, and then come straight back.

In other parts of the island the country is what is called "undulating"—that is, it rises to moderate heights and then falls into valleys. And so the traveller who visits Ceylon, particularly if he goes there in the winter, comes home praising its beauty and its climate very warmly, and saying that after the cold and fog of England in December, there is no place like Ceylon.

CHAPTER VI

"PLUCKED!"

If we were asked for which commodity Ceylon was most famous, we should probably answer, "Tea," and we should be right. The amount of tea which is sent from Ceylon to this country is very great. In fact, most of the tea we drink comes from that island. Nearly half a million acres of land are under the cultivation of the tea-planter, and all kinds of land are used, even rocks having their tea-plants springing from them.

Yet it is only during the past twenty years, or less, that the growing of tea was begun in the island. Before that time coffee was grown. Young men went out to Ceylon in order to be coffee-planters. But a disease seized upon the leaf of the coffee-tree, and spread so quickly that before long the whole

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of the plantations were destroyed. Many planters were quite ruined, and are now dead. Others may be seen doing nothing, and living miserable lives in the towns of the island. But others, with more courage or with better fortune, resolved that the fields where their coffee grew should not be idle. And when they considered what they should plant they thought of tea, which had already been introduced in a small way. Tea, therefore, was planted, and before long the trade began to grow quickly. People in Europe liked the taste of the teas of Ceylon. It was also cheaper than China tea; and so, very soon, this tea was driving out all others.

The planters were now getting rich, and others began to come out. Young Scotsmen particularly hastened to the island, and as many of these young men were the sons of market-gardeners, they knew something about cultivating plants. All that they had learnt in the old country was accordingly of value to them. When a man comes out fresh, he is called a "creeper," and though he is paid only a small salary at first, he is quite content, and it is not easy to find a place as a "creeper."

The estates are beautifully situated on high hills. Wherever we look we see fine green trees meeting the blue sky, while perhaps far below us is a blue lake, the work of a builder who lived hundreds of years ago. Fine roads are cut between the plantations, so that the planters may easily ride round their estates to see that the work is going on properly. If we should pass one of these tea plantations, we should see women and children of all ages plucking the leaves of the tree. The women carry on their backs a long, round wicker-

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basket, the shape of a drain-pipe, and they hold it in position, not by a strap over their shoulders, but by a cord passed across their forehead. These people know their business thoroughly, or they would not be employed.

Ask a Cingalese planter's boy what is the very best tea-leaf he can pluck, and he will tell you quickly enough that the best is the tenderest. Tea is plucked when the bushes are beginning to "flush"—that is, when the buds on them are appearing. "Flushing" takes place if, after a great deal of rain, a bright hot sun shines. Then the buds seem simply to burst forth. A tea-tree, in a good plantation, is not often seen growing at a greater height than four feet. It is then easily reached by the plucker. If we were to watch one of the planter's men at work, we should be inclined to object, and to tell him he was cutting the tree down to nothing. But he would only grin and continue lopping, for he would know that by the means he was using it would some day be possible to gather leaves which would make the finest tea in the world.

We have said something about the plucking of the tea-leaves. But if we thought that the leaves are then ready to be sent away to England we should make a very great mistake. The leaves have to pass through a great many processes, so many that it is hard to remember them all. They have first of all to be withered. The withering is done by placing the leaves in rows and then leaving them for twelve hours or so, when they are found to be quite soft. They are now very moist and full of sap. This must be removed, and so they are rolled on a machine in order to get

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rid of any juice or any trace that may be in them of the poisonous tannin. It is difficult to get all the tannin out of tea, and as that is so, many doctors consider that much tea-drinking is a bad thing for the health. A second rolling breaks the dried leaf into small parts.

After other processes—one of which is to dry the leaves in the sun—the tea is put into an oven.

It is now very dry indeed. Finally it is sifted by a machine, by means of which the different sizes of leaf fall into different boxes. When the boxes are full, perhaps we think that the men will thrust in their hands to carry the various kinds of leaf to the packing-cases. But the truth is very different. A machine does all the work of carrying the leaf. The fact is that the Ceylon tea-planter will never let his employees touch the tea-leaves. Many people in England like China tea better than that of Ceylon, but, nevertheless, Chinese teas are not by any means as clean as the Ceylon teas, for Chinese workers are permitted to touch the leaves. Even when packing the tea, however, a Cingalese worker must not touch it.

It is not hard to see that the tea-planter of Ceylon does his best to keep his leaves clean. We shall have little fear of disease from touching tea made from the tea he sends us.

In this country we drink a great deal of tea, and most of it comes from Ceylon. In fact, there is no part of the East, which, in proportion to its size, does a bigger trade with us. We are apt to think of Ceylon as only a place of call on the way to the great countries on the eastward track. What we have to remember is

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that scarcely an afternoon passes without our being indebted to Ceylon. We may look around the room and say that we can see nothing that we owe to China, to Japan, or even to India. But we cannot speak of Ceylon in that way. For what we owe to Ceylon is there, on the table—in the teapot.

CHAPTER VII

THE MEN WHO FILL OUR TEAPOTS

Most of us have heard of "emigration." We have seen beautiful pictures in English railway-stations and other places, which show how happy are the British folk who quit home and take up work in our colonies. If we were to travel to India, and were to visit some of the thousands of villages in the south, we should sometimes notice a man of appearance different from that of the people around him going from one group to another and talking quickly and excitedly. It is very plain, we should think, that the man has something to say which interest the people, for they listen with wide-open eyes, and some of the younger men even follow him about ; and what he says *is* interesting to these people. In these villages of theirs they have scarcely enough to live on. There is no work to be done at which they can earn wages, and many of them know what it is to live on the borders of starvation. Already, perhaps, there is danger of another famine, and the eyes of the men and women are full of dread, as each one remembers the horrors of the last outbreak, when so

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many of their friends died. But what is it that the man is saying that has a bearing upon their poverty and hunger? What is he telling them? He is telling them of a country only a short distance away where they may live in comfort, have good houses, good wages, regular work, and above all where they may never fear the threat of famine. What is the place of which he speaks? It is Ceylon. The man is perhaps the representative of an engineering company which is about to build a new road. Or perhaps he comes from a railway engineer, who has been asked to lay a new line in Ceylon. There are not enough workers in the island, and so this man has been sent to India to find workmen there. Railway companies do send over in this way, and as they pay higher wages than the planters, the latter are not pleased when a railway agent engages men, as it becomes harder to find men to do the work of the plantation. We are told that the railway pays fifty cents a day to men against the thirty three paid by the planters. But perhaps the man whom we see in Ceylon is the agent of one of these planters ; whoever he is, he is offering these people an escape from the miseries of their present life. His master wants men, and cannot get them. Will they come? Many of them say yes, and each year thousands of Tamils, as the Indians of the south are called, make their way over the strait that separates the great continent, of which India is a part, from the island of Ceylon. The people do not fear to go, for they have learnt to trust the British, and they know that the head of the plantation to which they set out is an Englishman, and as time passes they have another reason for confidence. For now every

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CINGALESE SAILING CANOE.

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year Tamils who have been to Ceylon are returning with the means to settle down in comfort in their old homes. Small as their earnings are, they can make what they think is a fortune in a few years. Even if a man earns only a few cents a day, he can save a good deal. A rupee, which is worth about one shilling and fourpence of our money, is divided into no less than a hundred cents in Ceylon. We must not, therefore, suppose that a Cingalese cent is worth even as much as an American one. But when they go, what a business it is for them! They are setting out on a journey which takes them far away from the village in which they have lived always. For the first time they see the sea. For the first time they experience the feeling of tossing upon it. It is all very strange, and perhaps a little alarming. But the voyage is soon over, and then comes a march over a beautiful country, up hills and through green valleys, to the village of their new employer. Arrived there, they quickly settle down. Probably as they cross the village border, some member of the new party will spy some friend who has come here before him. If he should do so, what a chattering will then take place!

A Tamil workman is much more easily satisfied than an English one, and this is not surprising, for his wants are very few. He earns for a full day's work the sum of fivepence. With this he is able to buy all he requires for his comfort. His chief need is rice, as it is with all Indians. Of this food he will buy twenty baskets a year. But he will not eat it all. Why, then, does he buy it? we ask. Why does he not save the money instead? He does save his money—in fact, he saves so much in a few years that he has enough to

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carry out his ambition to return to his old country, and settle down in comfort and luxury, and, if he is so inclined, idleness. But even when he buys more rice than he requires, he is really saving up. For among his people in the plantations rice is like a coin. Suppose he sees that a friend is wearing a particularly fine pin in his hair, or a specially glowing waist-cloth. "I will give you for that pin," he says, not so many cents or pennies, but "so much rice," and so now we see why the coolie buys more rice than he uses. He banks his money in rice. This rice he is able to buy at a fixed rate from the planters. For the plantations are often far away from the markets and cities, and no coolie could afford to pay carriage on the rice he eats. His master therefore buys rice for the whole plantation, and then sells it as it is required.

A woman will not receive quite so much money as her husband, but then she will not need so much rice. If at any time the coolie falls out of employment, and this sometimes happens when the slack season comes, he cannot afford to buy rice, and so lives on a cheap grain called *kurruhan*. This stuff is very cheap, and is only bought by the poorest people. The slack season is from July to September, but even during those months the plucking of tea is not entirely stopped. The workers get so much a pound for the tea plucked, so that a slow plucker or an idle one does not get as much money as a fast worker. But masters cannot pay less than the fixed rate, and if a master is caught trying to cheat the native worker, he gets into very serious trouble.

Every member of the family tries to earn something,

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and men and women, boys and girls, work in their way as do the cotton operatives of Lancashire. The planters build schools for the children, and do all they can to make the people happy.

In this jolly way life goes on in the tea plantations. Sometimes, perhaps, a man thinks regretfully of his old home, but as he remembers what he endured in India, and then thinks of his comfort and good wages in Ceylon, he is unlikely to have anything but happy thoughts.

It is said that the Cingalese, who once could not be got to work in the tea plantations, are now ready to do so, and that in increasing numbers they are finding work of this kind. There is work for all of them; in fact, if there were only more labourers, there would be far more tea grown. The planters can never get enough. Still the trade is growing, and to-day, not only are the Cingalese becoming labourers, but some of them have even begun to grow tea on their own account.

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SIAM

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CHAPTER I

THE CAPITAL AND ITS RIVER

If we examine the map of India, we shall find that, beyond her eastern boundary, and beyond that of Burma, is a country not marked with the red colouring which map-makers generally use to show British possessions. This country is called Siam. Among the nations of the world it has no great importance, but the people are interesting, and their cities, in some respects, wonderful.

Siam is a large country, and occupies the greater part of what is called the Malay Peninsula. But it has a coast-line only on its southern border. All along this coast are scattered islands. But they are not so close to it as to make us expect to find the water between them and the mainland too shallow for big ships. In fact, there is room and depth for the biggest of liners to sail up these channels. The islands have some rather odd names. One of them is called Elephant Island, and another Junk Ceylon.

The climate, as one would expect to find in a country so near the equator, is warm, and its heat never been known to sink below seventy degrees. But, on the other hand, even in the hot season, it does not often rise above ninety degrees. The monsoon rains

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come in November and last till January. The country has three seasons of four months each. It is certainly healthier for Europeans than are some other lands of the East. Another advantage is enjoyed by this land, and that is that, owing to the sheltered position of the great gulf of Siam, there are few storms. Sailors, therefore, draw near to its coast with little fear, and often enough with a sense of relief to have escaped into safe waters. It does not often happen that a ship is flung ashore on the sea-coast, and this the mariner knows. In some parts of the country the people use barter, and offer beeswax instead of coin.

The chief grain grown in Siam is rice. We are told that in the eastern part of the country rice is only raised every second season, the salt which is deposited being collected in the other season. Everyone eats rice. The king does, his ministers do, his people do, even the animals do. In the old days, the people knew nothing about commerce, and the great wealth which might be theirs if they would trade with the nations overseas. But in 1856 a treaty was made between Siam and Great Britain, and now the Siamese send us rice, as well as sending it to supply the requirements of the British Government in India. When famine descends on that great empire, rice is carried from all neighbouring lands, among them, Ceylon. As we shall see, each king of Siam on ascending the throne is given all the lands and buildings, and even all the people of his country. But while their presentation is to a great extent a matter of form, the king really does own all the rice-fields, and though he does not get rent for them, he gets, or, rather, his government gets, a heavy

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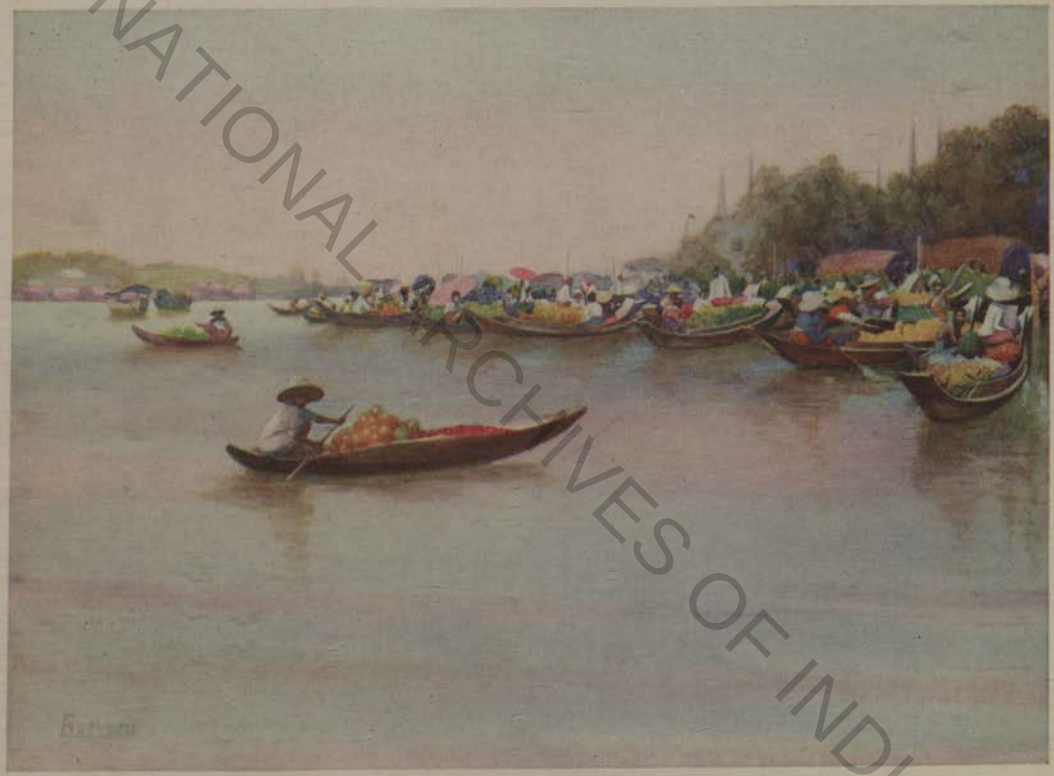

THE RIVER MARKET, BANGKOK.

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tax from the farmer. As the profits are generally pretty fair, unless the rainy season fails, the people are content to pay the king's dues. A rice-farm is generally formed on a piece of cleared jungle, and is about eight acres in extent. A farm will keep about eight persons—one for each acre. Besides rice, the people grow fruit, cocoanut, teak, oak, and other valuable timber.

The people make many vases of gold and silver, and various other kinds of ornaments, and these they send to all parts of Asia. But, as we shall see, they do not need much money to live in comfort, and so they do little work, and greatly prefer to sit and look up at the sky, or smile and chatter to their friends. They are a contented people, however, and if they can sit in the sun and have a little rice to eat, they are sure to be quite happy.

CHAPTER II

THE CITY OF BANGKOK

THE chief river in Siam is called the Menam, which means the Mother of Waters. Nearer its source it is called the Meping River. All parts of the country near the river are extremely fertile, and a farmer who happens to occupy fields in these parts is a fortunate man.

The chief town of the country is Bangkok, which, however, has only been the capital for 130 years. It stands upon the river, and covers a space of between two and three miles of the banks. As we advance up the river we shall quickly notice that the houses on

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the left bank, where the greater part of the city is to be found, are not like ordinary houses. If they remind us of anything, it is of the houseboats which we sometimes see on English rivers, and houseboats they are, for the greater part of Bangkok is a floating town. Row after row of floating houses are spread out in streets. But the people in them are not always content with the situation of their homes. In this country, if we have that feeling, we know that there is only one thing to do—to find a new house. But the Siamese have no such trouble. If they are tired of the particular street in which they live, it is the simplest matter in the world to remove. All the discomforts which we know when we are removing are spared these Eastern people. There are no strange men to enter the house and walk upstairs and downstairs all day until they have emptied the house into the street. Looking out of the window when we are moving, we may perhaps see some favourite chair, or table, or gamesboard, turned upside down. And we do not like to see our precious possessions of home looking lonely and out of place on the pavement for any passer-by to see.

But in Bangkok they do not have troubles of that kind. If a man says he wishes to live in another street, he merely arranges one morning to have his house drawn thither. There is no long hunt for a new home, no bargaining with furniture removers, no worry through trying to get the landlord to do a great deal by way of improvements in a new house. All the householder has to do is to unloose the cable which moors his house to the river-bank, or to the next house, or to the bed of the river, and have his

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home conveyed to the new station. We do not always like lodgings at the seaside, and think them far less comfortable than our own homes. Yet we want to go away to the sea every summer just the same. How jolly it would be if we could take our house with us! If a Siamese boy were to talk of running across the "street" he would have to be a pretty good swimmer before he could carry out his intention. But, then, if he were a Siamese boy he would probably have no trouble in swimming, for all the children who live in Bangkok are taught almost before they speak. Their mothers tie them to a little float, and then drop them into the "street." The baby does not drown, of course, though he probably begins by crying a little, after the shock of the cold water. But when the water is out of his eyes, and he looks round, he quickly decides that he does not want to remain all the time in one place, and so he tries to move himself forward. He knows nothing of swimming, but perhaps he has watched an elder brother striking out, and has seen that, by doing so, he was able to get across the water. And so he will begin feebly to do the same. Or perhaps he is merely so filled with the idea that he must move that he falls into the action of the swimmer. Whatever is the idea in his mind, he quickly finds himself moving, and when he does that, he enjoys himself so much that he tries to move more quickly. And when his mother at last pulls him out he is quite sorry. His one idea now is to plunge in the next morning. And when that jolly time in the "street" again comes round, with what a whoop of delight he hails it! This time the water gives him no shock, he

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is intent only on splashing about, and moving as fast as he can. As his mother watches him, she sees that his movements are beginning to be those of a swimmer, and are ceasing to be the actions of a helpless baby. And she smiles to herself, saying that soon he will swim as well as his big brother.

At last there comes a day when the boy goes into the water without the float to keep him up. For now he can swim. And now he enjoys himself crossing and recrossing the stream. Swimming, in fact, is one of the delights of the Siamese. Of course it is not difficult for the little boys to swim, though they are not taught. The action of swimming comes naturally to all creatures. Horses and dogs can swim, yet no human being ever teaches them. Indeed, it is only we who are educated, and who are what is called "modern," who cannot swim naturally. All savage peoples can swim without being instructed, and so, too, all boys who try to swim while too young to know that there is any danger in sinking learn very quickly. Most English boys, unless they live by a river or bath, get no bathing but what they enjoy once a year in the sea, at the time of holiday. But the boys of Bangkok probably think swimming a simpler matter than walking. Imagine how jolly it would be merely to step out of doors in order to have one's dip!

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CHAPTER III

BOATS AND CHINAMEN

Of course, in a city where everyone uses the water so much, it is necessary that every house should have its own little boat. Indeed, there are many people who are born and who live and die on a boat, and who never pass a single night on land, or even in a floating house. A boy who cannot row is very much ashamed of himself in Bangkok, but we should have difficulty in finding such a boy. Everybody gets about in his boat, and the consequence is, that as the traveller coming up the river draws nearer to the town, he finds his ship in the midst of tiny craft. The Menam is, in fact, full of boats ; boats with Malays in them, with Chinese traders in them, with Siamese women offering fruit for sale, even with tiny boys and girls laughing and chattering. And as there are so many boats, there are often collisions. A man will be bending his back pulling cheerfully upstream, when suddenly there will come a crash. He will turn round and find that the bows of his boat have crashed into the side of a smaller craft. Instantly one would expect a great row would begin. But, no ; Sir J. Bowring tells us that the injured and the injurer are both quite calm, for the Siamese are a good-tempered people, and such collisions are so common that nobody thinks of quarrelling about them. A minute later the boatmen will probably be each on his way again. Even if, as the result of the collision, a man should be knocked into the water, he would not be surprised or amazed. Such accidents are very common, and as every-

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one swims as easily as he walks, it very rarely happens that a person is drowned. We are told that even if a man sees his cargo sunk and destroyed by a collision, he will remain calm and cheerful. A common sight to be seen on the river is that of the priests, who, like the rest of the Siamese, possess their own little skiffs, rowing up and down, and collecting food for their people.

In Bangkok nearly all the houses are built of wood. This is so even of the houses in that part of the town which rests on dry land. A house is usually divided into two parts, in one of which the men and boys live, and in the other of which the girls and women make their home. The house is built on a pile of wood, and is raised several feet above the ground. Wooden steps lead up to the doorway. If the house is to be a floating one, a good deal of bamboo is used in making it. Such houses are easily made into shops. All that has to be done is to take down the entire front. The shop is then ready to be stocked. As it floats on the stream, any would-be customer has but to row to some point just in front of it to get a view of the entire contents.

The chief trades in Bangkok are not in the hands of the Siamese. These people are far too easy-going ever to do a great business. They neglect their opportunities, though, if only they would wake up, they might be a very rich people indeed, for they live in a country as fertile as any in the world. But they are content to let other men have their trade. And so we find that the chief business men of Siam are the Chinese. The Chinaman is always to be found in the East wherever there is the least likelihood of his making

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money. He gets on quickly, and soon has the best house in the place. He is a very honest business man, in spite of what some people say. Nearly all travellers who have had dealings with him speak of his honesty. He may haggle a long time, and drive a hard bargain, but once he has passed his word, he sticks to it. So numerous are the Chinese in Siam that they make up nearly a third of the population.

CHAPTER IV

SHOPS AND BARGES AND SCHOOLS

We have said that most of the houses in Bangkok are floating ones. So, too, are some of the eating-houses, and even the gaols. So, too, are the shops. Imagine what it would be like if Regent Street, London, or Princes Street, Edinburgh, were flooded, and we were to row from Oxford Street to Piccadilly, or from the Caledonian Station to the Edinburgh General Post Office. These floating shops hold a market which begins at midnight and lasts till morning, and in which fresh eggs and fruit are sold. The shops are not so fine as those in London, but to the Siamese they are quite as wonderful as ours are to us. It is just as jolly for a couple of boys to get out a boat and row off to the fruit or cake-store as it would be for us to take a motor-bus and go there. And of these floating shops there are many. As we approach them, and look in at the shopkeeper, we shall be prepared to find that he is not a Siamese at all, but a Chinaman, or else the wife of a

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Chinaman, for women do a good deal of the trading as in Burma. Nine-tenths of the people who run the floating shops belong to the Chinese race. Very likely, if business is not pressing, the proprietor will be seen playing with his little boy, or watching him as he dives into the "street" in front of the shop-front. For those who have seen the Chinese in Siam say that they always showed kindness to their children. You cannot please him better than by saying something complimentary about the boy. Most of us know that London tradesmen send boys round from house to house every morning to ask for orders. And the Chinese tradesmen do the same. Only they, or their messengers, go in boats. Every possible corner which can be reached by one of their tiny craft is reached. If a Chinaman notices a gentleman going by in his floating house on his way to a new street, you may be sure that his boat is out, that he may see where the house stops. And a few minutes later he will be paddling up to the house-front with a basket of goods for sale.

One of the features of the river at Bangkok is the number of great boats carrying rice and fruit; another is the long line of beautifully painted vessels which move up and down. They are very long and graceful. Yet some of them are made from a single tree. The method used is to cut down a very long, straight, teak or other tree, and then scoop out one side of it so that it is hollow. It is then fitted up and painted, and finally set afloat. The bows of the vessel will generally carry a representation of some creature, such as a serpent or a dragon, while, if it is a Chinese ship, there are sure to be eyes painted on it. Why are the eyes there? To

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enable the ship to see, the Chinaman will tell you, honestly believing that what he says is reasonable. In the boat are passengers sitting under paper umbrellas. They keep very close together to be out of the way of the boatman, who with a single oar manages his ship splendidly.

A school in Siam is generally conducted by one of the priests in the temple grounds. To him come any of the boys in the town who like to do so, or whose parents send them, for there is no strict law to compel all boys to attend school. If a boy decides that he would rather spend the day on the river, he gets out his boat, and the priest finds that he is a pupil short. But he does not care, nor does the boy. In spite of this very easy system, most boys in Siam learn to read and write their own language, and now that new methods are being introduced from Europe, the boys will make still greater progress. The fee for tuition charged by the priest, or *bonze*, as he is called, only amounts to a few dollars a year, so a parent does not find that to have his son educated means a great expense. For the sum mentioned his teacher will not only teach him, but give him a place to sleep, and food to eat, throughout the year. But while a Siamese parent is content thus to have his son educated, a Chinaman, if he is wealthy—and many are in Bangkok—will have a private tutor for *his* son. The tutor will require a good salary, but the parent will not mind paying it if he thinks his boy will be well taught and made fit to carry on business even with the Europeans who visit the country.

But while boys are taught to read, girls have little or no schooling. In Siam, as in other parts of the East,

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the menfolk think that it is the business of girls and women to cook and sew and look after the house, and that to teach them anything beyond these duties is a foolish waste of time. And so the girls grow up ignorant of all knowledge, save what can be taught them in conversation with their mothers.

While, as we have said, the Siamese schoolmaster is generally a priest, of late years the Government has discovered that if the people are to keep up even with the nations near at hand, they must get some better education than that hitherto given. A few Englishmen are therefore employed in Siamese schools, and, of course, when they are there, the boys learn subjects of real use to them. In fact, if a young Englishman could make it so, his school would be as much as possible like the schools which we know in this country. He would teach the boys reading, writing, and arithmetic, as well as languages, and would encourage them to play cricket. One such schoolmaster found that the Siamese boys liked the game, and became quite keen, so, perhaps, some day—who knows?—a Siamese eleven will come to England and capture "the ashes!" Mr. Young, who at one time taught in the schools of Siam, tells us of an extraordinary match which he once got up between a Siamese team and one made up of Hindus in turbans. The Hindus had played cricket in their own land, and so were, in a sense, the greater authorities upon the game. How the match ended Mr. Young does not say. But he does tell us that in the middle of the game the drive from one of the players sent the ball careering out of the ground. Finally, it caught a native policeman on the bare leg. The policeman, not

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A FISHING BOAT OFF THE ISLAND PAGODA OF PAKNAM.

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being able to arrest anybody, or anything else, promptly arrested the ball, and refused to give it up for a long time, during which the match had to be suspended.

But cricket is not one of the native sports, whereas kite-flying is. In all parts of the East to sail a kite is the best possible fun for boys, young men, and even old men. Kite-flyers, moreover, have matches one against another. But these matches are not quite the same as those held in Japan. In the latter country the kite has a tail, to which is attached bits of glass, with which a player seeks to cut his opponent's string. In Siam, on the other hand, there are no tails to the kites, and the only way a player can cut the string of his opponent's kite is by so skilfully managing his own kite that the string to which it is attached crosses that of the opposing kite's string. Once the strings are crossed, each player pulls slowly, and then releases a little, pulls again and releases, until the string begins to act like a saw. Finally, one cuts the other's string, and wins the game.

But if we watch these players, we may notice that, though they themselves are too keenly interested in the match to speak, wild sounds of whistling are constantly heard. From whence do these come? we ask, looking around everywhere. But we see nobody. Then we think that the sound is in the sky, and so we look up; yet we see no birds. At last, however, when the match is over, and the kite is brought to the ground, we observe that, attached to it, is a whistle. As the wind catches this little instrument it makes it sound, and thus, far below, we hear its voice!

The game of football, as played by the Siamese, would seem to us rather dull, as there are no goals.

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All that the players have to do is to keep the game moving. They do not even have a rule, such as the Burmese have, that the player who fails to send on the ball when his turn comes falls out.

The girls play with dolls, as they do in England, and just as British girls are very well content with any kind of wooden doll, however rudely made, so are Siamese children with dolls of the commonest clay. A little girl in Siam takes just as much delight in dressing her doll and putting it to bed as does her small sister in this country take in *her* doll.

But the little girl has often to nurse something a good deal more lively than her doll. If we watch her leaving home some morning to mingle with her friends in the street, we notice a bundle hanging from her shoulder and resting on her hip. As we draw closer, we see that what she is carrying is a little brother. Yet the burden does not trouble her much, for she runs hither and thither without showing any sign that she feels it.

CHAPTER V

BOYS AND JEWELLERY AND CLOTHES

FATHERS and mothers in Siam show great affection for their children. The cruelties practised by parents in some other Eastern lands are not to be found in use among this happy, laughing people. The king loves to have his children around him, and even has them with him when he is receiving foreign visitors. As for the

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children in the country, they are taught never to argue with those older than themselves, or to oppose them, but to show respect to their elders, and, if necessary, to suffer for them. For instance, a young man or boy is employed by a great personage. One day, for some reason or other, perhaps because he thinks himself ill-used, he goes away. The prince pursues him, but cannot find him, and so he arrests the boy's father. The boy comes to hear of this. What does he do? Does he run away farther off than ever? No; he returns and surrenders to his master so that his father may be released. The Siamese are a kind people, ready to share whatever they have with those who have less than themselves. Needing little for food and clothes, they are not so dependent upon money as the various Western peoples. If he has sufficient rice and a cloth or two to throw over his body, a Siamese is quite cheerful. But if the easy possession of these things makes him happy and contented, it also makes him idle. Needing little, there is small necessity for him to labour, and so he does little work at all.

On the other hand, he delights in amusements and jewellery. Everybody, from the rich prince to the poorest boy or girl bobbing in and out of the water, has some jewellery. Of course, the gold and diamonds in the prince's jewels are very much more valuable than the little decorations which the poor boy wears. But every man, even if he has the smallest and most uncomfortable house to live in, and the smallest possible quantity of food to eat, will try to give his wife and children some bangle or other ornament to wear. He thinks about such things, indeed, as poor men in

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England think about buying boots for their children. When a man has been unemployed in London, and he gets work and money again, before he thinks of a better house or room to live in, before even he thinks of new clothes for his wife or children, he thinks of boots. In the same way the Siamese thinks of jewellery.

The games which the Siamese play are not unlike some of those which we know. For instance, like the Chinese and the Burmese, the Siamese play chess. They do not have quite the same figures on the board as we do, and they do not use black and white squares. But the game is really very much the same.

The Siamese are a very generous people. A beggar is sure to be kindly treated and given alms. It is only in China that beggars are hardly treated, and there they are driven away through the people's fear of them.

The people of Siam appear small to their visitors from Europe, but they are well set up, and carry themselves easily. Their skin is sometimes light and sometimes very dark brown, while their hair is straight and black. What we notice at once about them is that while they shave their faces and part of their heads, they grow a great black tuft of hair right on the crown. Up to this tuft and behind it the scalp is shaved. But the tuft itself is watched over most carefully, being oiled and combed. The teeth of a Siamese boy may be white, but he will not be pleased if they are, and will look forward to the time when he can make them as black as his father makes his. For the blacker one's teeth appear the better does one look in the opinion of Siamese people. So the boy never cleans his teeth. Nor does he wash with soap. He goes outside to a water-tub and,

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A CORNER OF THE GRAND PALACE ENCLOSURE, BANGKOK.

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having scooped up enough water, he empties this over his face and hands. Then he shakes himself, and leaves the sun to dry his skin. A little boy finds that his parents begin to shave his head when he is about four. He will probably not like the ceremony at all, but he has to go through with it a good many times before he is old enough to be allowed to grow a tuft. When the great day arrives, his mother takes much pleasure in decorating the boy's hair with gold pins, for in so doing she can use some of the precious jewellery which she and her people love so much. He is not much troubled by dress, however, and is perhaps consoled by this. He never wears a hat, and his only garment is a long piece of cotton cloth which his mother wraps round his waist. He wears no boots or stockings unless his family are wealthy, when they may buy him a pair of sandals.

Some of the workers in Siam have an odd kind of hat made from palm-leaf. They wear this to protect their heads from the sun when working in the fields. It is described as being like a milk-pan turned upside down. In the hot season the men wear very light linen garments. But lest the heat should pass through these and trouble them, they soak the neck of the coat in water before putting it on. If we did this, we should very soon get rheumatism, but the Siamese have grown accustomed to the practice, and so can do as they like.

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CHAPTER VI

ODD CUSTOMS AND ODDER FEARS

As we shall see, the Siamese people are very superstitious. And their foolish fears show themselves even when their babies are born. They believe that all kinds of strange spirits are moving about in the air unseen, but very near, and that each of these spirits is ready, for the smallest cause, to injure either their children or themselves. If the baby's head is shaved on the wrong day, or if he is given a name which one of the spirits does not like, evil is sure to result. For this reason the head-shaving which has to be performed on every baby does not take place until the parent has been able to pay a soothsayer to discover the right day. As for naming the baby, even the magician does not profess to know what name the spirits would approve. And so the father thinks for a long time, and talks the matter over with the mother before deciding on a name. Even, however, when the name is found and given to the boy, the father is not happy. The very name which he has selected may be that of some enemy of one of the spirits. He tells himself that he can only wait and see. And so he waits, and if nothing happens, he decides that the name chosen is not objected to. If, on the other hand, the boy falls ill, the poor father thinks that the spirits are angry. His first thought is to change the boy's name, and even when a new name has been given, he is kept in an uneasy state lest this name also is one which the spirits will dislike.

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A TYPICAL CANAL SCENE, BANGKOK.

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Odd Customs and Odder Fears

The Siamese are fond of ceremonies, and have one for each important event in the lifetime of each person. When a boy is born, when his head is shaved, when he becomes a priest, when he is married, when a new monarch ascends the throne, a grand ceremony is held, to which friends and relations are invited, and the guests attend with all the delight and interest with which we attend a christening party or wedding in our country. When a boy has been duly shaved preparatory to beginning his period of service in the monasteries, a priest leads him to a raised seat which has a canopy over it. The boy, we see, wears white garments, for he will not wear yellow until he has made up his mind finally to be a priest for life. His father now steps forward and pours water on his head. His mother follows. Then come each of his relations. All this over at last, the boy, wet to the skin, is placed on a gorgeous throne. We notice that on the lower steps are dishes filled with meat and foods and fruit, while on the upper are piled flowers of all kinds, and leaves painted to look like gold and silver. In the centre of these leaves is a cocoanut, which we shall find is a fresh one. Before the altar are nine candles. When these are lighted, the boy or man who is the centre of the display picks up one of these and walks round the altar three times. Then his friends come along, each carrying a candle, and blow it out over the head of the boy. Their wish is that the smoke from the candle will gather round his forehead. After this he drinks the milk from the fresh cocoanut, while as a final ceremony, a cup with honey in it is given him. While the presentation is taking place the band plays, and then the relatives step forward again and

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offer him presents of money. Some give four shillings, some five pounds, some even more. The boy thinks himself rich enough to buy whatever he desires. When the presents are duly offered, a fine dinner follows, at which the priests are given the best of everything. But there is still one more thing to do.

The hairs which have been cut from the boy's head have not been allowed merely to fall upon the floor to be brushed aside later as they would be in an English barber's shop. The shorter hairs are packed in boxes and set adrift. If they are borne away on the river, then the mother believes that all the future evil habits and bad temper of her son have departed out of him for ever. As for the longer locks, the mother treasures these up for years. At last there comes a day when her son makes a pilgrimage to the shrine of Buddha. When this day comes, the mother gives the young man his own hair and tells him to give it to one of the priests who attend the shrine, and that the priests will make it into a brush to sweep the sacred footprints of Buddha said to be observable.

The priests, however, says Mr. Young, who tells us much about Siam, do not use this hair because they already have enough brushes. And when at last the young man is out of sight they merely burn his offerings.

CHAPTER VII

WHITE ELEPHANTS AND FESTIVALS

SIAM is sometimes called the land of the White Elephant, for in no country are elephants more prized, particularly white elephants. Such creatures are not

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very common, but in the old days a king of Siam who did not own one thought himself a very poor person indeed, and so his servants were sent into the jungle to seek one out. Very pleased with himself was the man who was able to bring one back with him, for he would be certain of getting a reward from his master. If a man had such an elephant and refused to give it up, he would be at once killed. Not that any man, or any king, ever owned an elephant that was really white—as white, say, as the elephant which appears in the flag of Siam. What is prized as a white elephant is really a creature a little less dark than an ordinary elephant. Once a year the king's elephants are sprinkled with water by a priest, for they are supposed to be something more than mere beasts. All kinds of good-fortune is believed to come with them.

The Siamese are lovers of festivals, and one of the most interesting of these is that which the Siamese rice-farmers observe every year. When the rainy season sets in, and the plough must be thrust into the soaking ground, the farmer is not content merely to get up some morning and set to work. He and his friends must observe the "ploughing festival." The king sends a minister to represent him. The minister, on reaching the place of festival, is asked to pick out one of three lengths of cloth. If he picks a short piece, it is taken as a sign that the people will have to hold up their skirts—that is, that there will be much mud, or, in other words, that a very wet season is certain. If the cloth is long, then the people suppose that dry weather is on the way. The minister then drives a plough over some field selected for the purpose, while behind him

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walk women scattering seed into the furrows which the plough has made. As soon as the minister departs, the people rush upon the field and pick up the seeds, believing that they will bring good-fortune. These seeds are afterwards sown by the farmers with their own seed, and the superstitious men think that by this means their crops will be far greater than they would otherwise be.

Other festivals are held, when the king appears before his people to give a promise to deal justly with them, and when the rainy season ends. But the oddest festival of all is that which is held when the king gets his hair cut!

CHAPTER VIII

THE KING

It is not so long ago since we all were hearing of the coronation of our own King. In Siam, when a king is crowned, a very fine ceremony is gone through. There is, of course, a great deal of illumination. Even on much less important occasions the Siamese show great skill in that way. So we may be sure that they put out their finest effort at such an important time as that at which a king is being crowned.

If we were to walk down a street in Bangkok, whether in water-way or one of the paved streets, we should notice that outside each was built a beautiful decorated altar on which lay beautiful silk cloths, candles burning brightly in the daylight, flowers of all kinds and colours, and boxes full of delightful scents.

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These offerings are put forth to show the people's good-will to the new monarch. The day is even more of a holiday than usual, and we may be sure that the boys are not content merely to splash about in the water all the morning. There is far too much to see in the neighbourhood of the palace.

One of the first events of the day is the writing of the new king's name by the chief astrologer. A sheet of glittering gold is carried and placed before him, and on this he writes the name with great ceremony. This done, the sheet is washed, and then rolled up slowly, and put in a golden tube, which, in its turn, is placed in a shining silver box. The mandarins then walk round it solemnly several times, after which gongs are banged, and a great noise made by all the priests and people.

Even the boys outside in the streets will probably hear some of these sounds. But one person is listening still more eagerly. He knows what is the ceremony which is going on in the beautiful room, and what has been placed in the silver box. And no wonder he is interested, for it is *his* name which has been written on the golden sheet, and he knows that it is time for him to enter—he who is now the King of Siam. As he enters, he feels that it is a great moment in his life, but he has other things to do than think only about himself. He has a number of ceremonies to go through, and when these are safely passed, a page comes forward to him, and, bowing very low, gives him what is called the "seven-storied umbrella." Another gives him the tube with the golden sheet inside, while other pages respectfully offer him the crown, the royal staff, and

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other signs of his kingly power. When all these and many other things have been done, the king calls out in a loud voice, saying that he gives permission to his people to make use of the various products of his country, such, for instance, as the foods which they may raise from the ground, and the water they may draw from the rivers. This ended, the mandarin calls out, "Your servants receive the excellent orders of our lord, whose voice is majestic as the lion's roar." His majesty now feels that he is getting on with the duties of the day. He throws silver presents and flowers among the people waiting around him, who cheer and bang their drums, and blow their trumpets, and make all the noise they can to show their loyalty.

On going to another throne-room—this time the hall of audience—the king receives what would seem to us odd gifts ; for these are nothing less than all the ships, elephants, and horses in the country, the inhabitants of all the cities, the palace, the contents of all the fields and gardens throughout the land—in fact, every man, woman, and child, creature, plant, and building, is offered to his majesty for his acceptance. It may thus be truly said that the king owns both his people and the earth on which they stand. Indeed, it is because this is true that the people use so many slavish and servile ways of speaking. Not only when he is crowned, but at ordinary times of his appearing, the king expects to see all the people fall down and bow to him.

The king, though what is called an absolute monarch, has a number of advisers. Moreover, these ministers are now not ignorant men out of touch with what is going on in the West. They have, many of

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them, been educated in England and on the continent of Europe. To-day the King of Siam favours western advisers, and whenever there is a vacancy among his ministers, he gives the place to a man who has been educated as Europeans would be. The present king came to England with eleven of his brothers in 1893, and was taught all that our best schools and training-colleges could teach him. Afterwards he went to Oxford University. When he was crowned, representatives of Great Britain, Germany, and Russia attended. It is said that this was the first time for European ambassadors to attend a coronation in the Far East.

At one time there was a great deal of slavery in Siam, but this was stopped for ever by the late king, who was a great believer in following the methods of Europe. It was he who gave his country a council of ministers.

This monarch, who died in 1910, had a very long name. It was Phrabat Somdetch Phra Paramindr Maha Chula Lon Kawn Phra Chula Chom Klao Chao Yu Hua. On the day of his coronation it was very wet. If it rained on one of our days of festival, we should be terribly disappointed. But the Siamese are accustomed to water. Moreover, if it rains when a king is crowned, they say that he will live long. In the case of King Phrabat Somdetch Phra Paramindr Maha Chula Lon Kawn Phra Chula Chom Klao Chao Yu Hua the old belief was proved true, for he lived twenty-nine years after his coronation.

In the old days, although the king was a tyrant, and was able to order any punishment without asking the

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consent of any judge or minister, there were some wise rules for checking any revengeful feeling which he might show. Father Pallegoix, who was much quoted by Sir John Bowring, says that there stood in the court a sword-bearer carrying a terrible weapon. One day, perhaps, as the king talked with a mandarin, the mandarin said something which annoyed the all-powerful monarch. The king became angry, was filled with a desire for revenge, and called upon the sword-bearer to give him the sword that he might slay the unhappy minister who stood cowering in a corner. But if we had been present, we should have noticed that the sword-bearer disobeyed the royal command. He did not give up the sword, and he would not. "It will be the worse for him," we should have said. "He will himself be killed." Yet he would not. Later on he might even be praised. He certainly would not be killed. If he had given up the sword, he would have been killed, for that was the law. The sword-bearer was told that if he gave the sword to the king when the king was angry, he himself must die. The king did not trust himself to act wisely when in a passion, and maintained this wise rule to save himself from folly.

CHAPTER IX

POLITENESS

LIKE the people of other Eastern lands, the Siamese use language so polite that it becomes absurd. But while some countries employ such words because they

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SIAMESE FARMERS CELEBRATING THE ANNUAL RICE PLOUGHING FESTIVAL.

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think it is proper, the Siamese do it because the system which exists there by which one rank has great authority over the one below it, has made the people servile in mind. The King of Siam is supposed to be a ruler with absolute power. He can do what he likes, and so he is feared so much that his subjects speak to him as if he was something more than a man. Sir John Bowring tells us that one day a captain of a ship was ordered by the king to load his vessel. Away went the man, carried out his instructions, and then came back to the court to report. But he did not say merely, "Your majesty, I have obeyed your orders, the ship is loaded." He lay before the king, saying: "I supplicate by the power of the dust of your feet which cover my head, the slave of the sovereign has loaded the ship." When the king inquired with what he had loaded it he did not say, "With so-and-so," but "My august lord, I receive your orders, I have loaded it with so-and-so."

It will be seen that the great trouble taken to show respect makes communications even about small matters between masters and servants a very long and tedious affair. But then Eastern people are never in a hurry about anything. There is a correct word for use between each of the various classes of society in Siam, and if the wrong word is used, the person addressed is annoyed. A boy of the lowest class is supposed to be addressed as "you rat," though whether *he* is disappointed if called by a pleasanter name, we are not so certain. But we may be sure that a boy of higher rank would feel very much insulted if addressed by such a name. If he were of superior rank to that of the person speaking to him, he would expect what would seem to us a very

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odd method of address, for the boy would feel that he had not been properly addressed, even by an old man, if the man did not call him by a name which, translated into our tongue, would mean "my father." A little girl expects to be called "my mother" by people in a lower class than her own. On the other hand, if she were being spoken to by a lady in her own rank, the lady would call her "my young sister." The idea is that one should treat one's superiors, whether older or younger than yourself, with the respect which one would give one's parents, that one's equals should be addressed in the friendly and affectionate way in which one would address one's equals in the family—that is, one's brothers and sisters; while inferiors are to be addressed in the way in which one would address one's sons and daughters. No one is allowed to mention the name of the king. He must be called simply "the lord of the land" or "the master of life." And it is polite in all one's references to the great people of the land to find some name more complimentary than the one which is properly theirs. A magistrate, for instance, is called by a word which means "benefactor." As for a prince, he must be spoken of with bated breath and with a dread only less great than that with which the king is referred to by his fearful subjects. "Mighty prince, the sole of your feet waits your orders," says the man who we may happen to see bowing before a prince in Bangkok.

And this politeness does not end in forms of address. Each rank is so clearly marked off from the other ranks that everybody knows what he must do in any circumstances. For instance, let us say that a Siamese labourer

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is about to cross a bridge in Bangkok in order to go to his work on the other side. As he approaches the bridge he sees that under it in the water is a barge containing a mandarin. We notice that he pauses, and suppose that he does so from curiosity, just as we should do if we saw some great man driving through London streets. But under the bridge the mandarin's boat comes to a stop. It does not matter why, for we are not at present interested in the mandarin. There, however, his boat lies with the great man within. Perhaps it stays on that spot for half an hour. If it does so remain below, we shall notice that the workman remains above. What of his work? we ask ourselves. But he is not thinking of his work first of all. He stands still in the same place, and he stands there until the mandarin's boat has been rowed out of the cover of the bridge. Why did the workman stay where he did?

Because it is a rule among the Siamese that a person of inferior rank shall not even cross a bridge if by so doing he should so bring things about that a superior was under his feet. And so the man waits patiently before he crosses the bridge. In the same way, if a Siamese gentleman happens to be sitting in a room on the ground-floor, his servants must on no account enter the room immediately over that in which he sits. Finally, when an inferior speaks to a superior, he must on no account raise his head to the level of the superior. He must show in action, as well as in his methods of speaking, that he recognizes that he is lower than the person to whom he speaks.

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CHAPTER X

FAREWELL

Our journey through the gorgeous East is over. Brown-skinned coolies laden with our boxes and parcels push their way down towards the boats that shall bear us away to the great white, cool-looking steamer in the harbour. We are going home, home to England, where the skies are often dark, where we do not watch anxiously for the coming of the rain, nor fear that if it come not we shall starve—to England, where we use all the latest inventions, where we read of all the newest ideas, and where we think we know everything that is to be known.

As we sit swaying in our tiny boat, and as we are pulled across the wonderful blue waters towards the liner which shall take us home, we remember some of the sights we have seen. Siam, with its swimming babies, its floating houses, its king and its people. Burma, with its forests and its teak, its elephants and its priests, its *ticka-gharrys* and its glittering pagodas rising gold to the blue skies. Ceylon, with its tea plantations, its bo-tree, and its waterways. Above all, India—India, the wonder of the East within whose borders are more strange and beautiful things, more things that are wonderful, and beyond understanding, than we shall ever know—India, with her bazaars, dim and glittering, her temples and her palaces with their glowing steeples—India, with her miseries and hungers and diseases—India, with her girl-wives, beslaved and

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murdered with her caste cruelty—India, over whom we as a nation are called to rule, to whom we must carry our justice, our peace—above all, that religion which we know shall, when accepted, put down the cruelties and miseries of the caste system, and of cruelty to girl widows—India, too, we leave.

We take away many remembrances of strange sights to the England that lies over the seas before us. Do we leave nothing behind? Do we not leave some sympathy with, some liking for, the strange peoples we have visited?

And now at last we see again the white cliffs of the country, for "a peep" at which we are longing most of all. There are the cliffs of England, and upon them we see familiar figures, men and women dressed as we dress. These, we think with sudden pleasure, are *our* people. How jolly it is to see them again! And yet, what are those figures that seem to rise up behind them —figures with glowing red and blue and yellow robes, figures with shining eyes and dusky skins? Have we forgotten?

These are *our* people too.

THE END

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